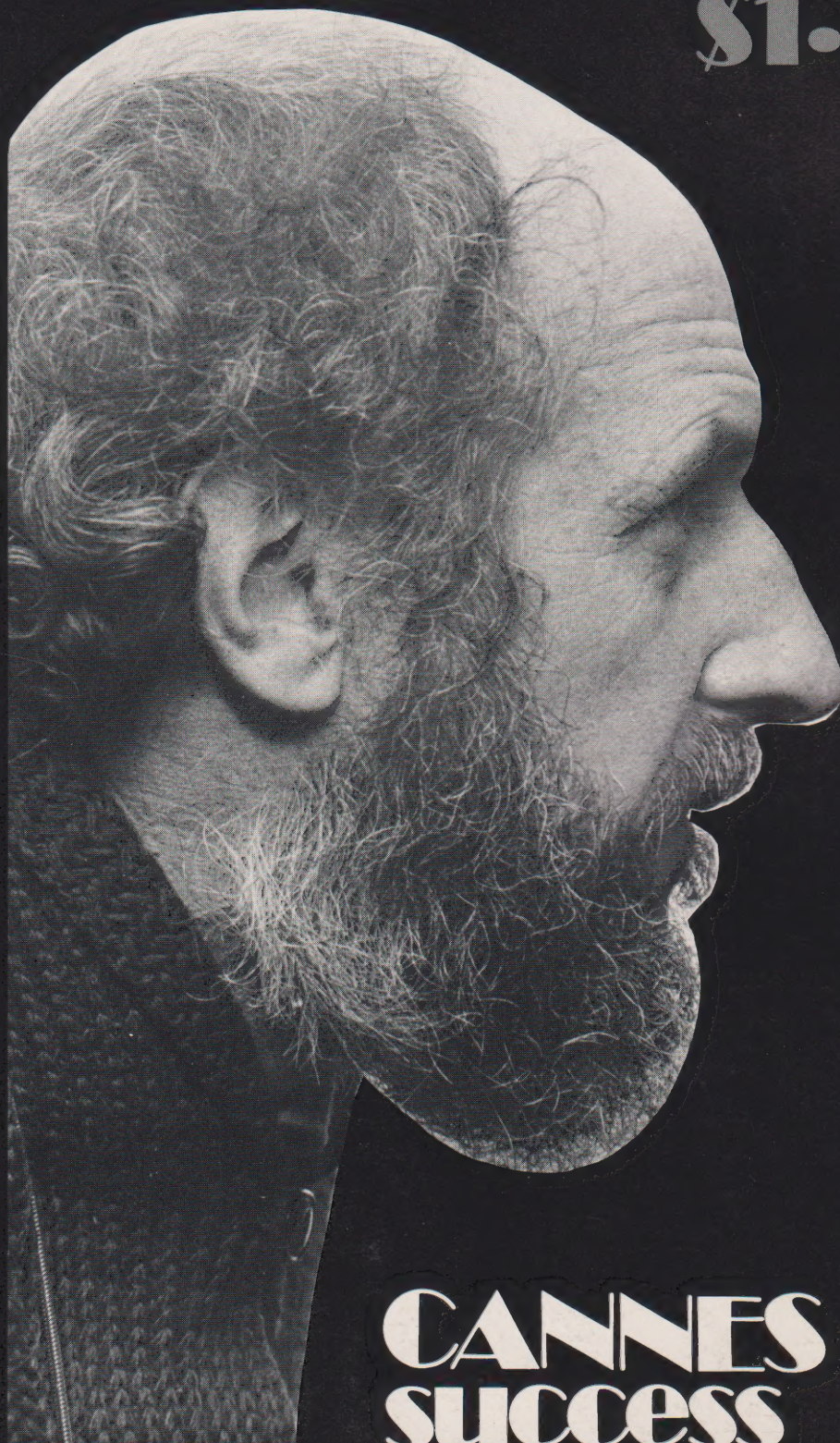


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EDITORIAL

Please refer to Issue No. 19, page 4



Have a wonderful summer —

Your Favourite Canadian Film Magazine People

Photo: Production still from Peter Bryant's "Noohalk"

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FILM
SOCIETY**

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CANADIAN FILM NEWS

Major developments

It has been a period of great activity since we last spoke together. Behind the scenes, that is — certainly not in front of the cameras. But history moves on, so let's recount a small but significant portion of it. News arrived from across the Great Pond, Montreal, Toronto and even Ottawa.

From all reports, including those elsewhere in this issue, Canada's efforts at Cannes this May proved to be a resounding success. Michel Brault shared the Best Director Award, of course, and it's the first time in the twenty-eight years of Cannes Festivals that a Canadian feature gained a major prize. So even though the CBC deemed the event of insignificant importance and refused to announce it, it does give added credibility to the quality level of our films. That doesn't mean box office success — **Les Ordres** played to mediocre sales in its first Toronto run, and was returned after winning, only to close after two more weeks of audience non-support. Perhaps it will return in the Fall when all the media are re-enacting the October Crisis on its fifth anniversary.

The rest of the films shown at Cannes did very well in the sales department. Cinépix's **Parasite Murders**, by David Cronenberg, probably fared best, and Quadrant did well with **It Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time, Sudden Fury**, and others. **Black Christmas** arranged to travel, as did **Duddy Kravitz**. Canadians attending were not as numerous as in previous years, but Cinema Canada kits could be seen walking about Cannes, so the True North presence was strong. No major breakthroughs, but an attitude towards our feature industry as young, but very much there.

Meanwhile, on the Québec front, various construction strikes, scandals and inquiries effectively postponed the rushed passing of the government film law. It caused minister Hardy to have a look at the bill, get feedback, and learn about film. Producers, distributors, and exhibitors presented briefs, but the "Front Culturelle" refused to meet with Hardy, and simply denounced the law as totally useless. The group includes the directors, critics, unions, cinémathèque Québécoise, Conseil Québécoise, and others. The Union des artistes joined the Front, but they did meet with Hardy regarding dubbing.

The result was a law virtually rewritten, although much the same in content and consequence. And on June 12th the bill received Second reading, with a tentative third reading the following week. Changes include allowing all films permission to be shown without prior approval beyond classification. Therefore it's up to local police to charge obscenity. But the Film Institute can reduce ads to title and director, warn patrons through screen blurbs, and inform the public about the nature of the film. The institute itself will have more influence by the commercial side and less from the artistic, as the make-up of the board will have seven members: five from lists submitted and then two chosen by the five and the minister. A quota is still possible, though not official; Hardy favours one week per year, but most exhibits can get by without financial strain by showing four, so that's not too helpful. An exhibitor will be re-imbursed for losses incurred. The definition of a Québec film will be determined by the Institute. Minor changes include re-imbursing producers for deposits in archives, and not making deposits compulsory; the minister will receive the minutes of, not sit in on, the meetings of the institute; 'theatre' is not defined any more, but the minister will oversee places of 'public projection.'

To the west, events in Ontario, hot on the eve of an election and down to the wire during the last two weeks of legislative sittings, indicate that steps will be taken regarding quotas and levies. Culture and Recreation minister Robert Welch and his bureaucrats have examined the questions, met with all those involved in film, and will begin to act: Minister John White will propose to Cabinet that the present law have the word 'British' changed to 'Canadian', thus allowing implementation of a definite quota. New legislation is needed for levies, but discussion centres on a start at 2% with a gradual buildup to 15%, thus returning fifty per cent of the box office to the producer instead of twenty. As with Diet Pepsi, it's a start, even though action must be postponed until after a certain fall election.

Back to Montreal: the CFDC has officially announced its program for funding script development, and basically it says that an experienced feature writer can be paid the going rate, a producer can have

funds to acquire rights and for preliminary expenses, without having a first draft or a commitment for definite production. Twenty-five scripts are possible for funding under the budget allotted.

Meanwhile, up to Ottawa. A series of CRTC hearings took place that will have incredible effect on all Canadian media, especially television and film. The CRTC received briefs and is examining Cable. Back in 1970, Juneau warned that proliferation of cable would hurt Canadian programming, but allowed it because of public pressure. Now the fruit is ripe, and everything's rotten. Canadians are watching more American stations and less Canadian, thereby causing financial headaches for Canadian stations, because the advertisers won't buy. At the same time a national cable network is being proposed, as well as Pay TV. I'll summarise the whole thing next issue, but for now it's best not to underestimate the significance of these hearings. When they're over, a picture of our future in this area will be very much apparent. The crucial issue, besides making sure that the advertising dollars are channelled properly so as to fund Canadian efforts, is basically what programming will appear on the proliferation of TV outlets that cable will provide: who will produce it and what exactly will it be, and responsible to whom?

One of the best summaries of the state of the Struggle is the Council of Canadian Filmmakers annual meeting in May. Several hundred people from all segments of the industry gathered in Toronto to hear reports from various CCFM and outside committees, and the general theme seemed to be that while the effort required to build and sustain a feature industry will be long and arduous, gains have been made, most importantly in the attitude toward the CCFM by government. As one member said, "There is a qualitative difference in treatment by government."

The main problems stem from lack of government policy. The Secretary of State's department is currently being re-organized, management studies of the NFB and CFDC are in progress, the CFDC Act comes up for revision this summer, and a cable policy must be determined. All of which leaves the provinces acting in a vacuum. Neither government level can do all or enough; both must have firm goals and programs. Similar routes must be taken by film-

makers; concrete proposals have had an effect on the longer run. As Pen Denham put it regarding shorts and small firms, "We are learning to manipulate the systems to achieve longterm goals."

Problems involving inter-union discussions; U.S. crews working in Calgary with the tacit approval of the Federal government; university and community college training programs and liaison with the professional film community; the establishment of a National Film School; the increased importance and involvement of municipal levels of government in the film industry; and recent events in the Québec industry, were examined. A series of resolutions was discussed and passed; special awards were given out, most of the winners being in absentia.

A discussion central to the course of the CCFM took place just before executive elections. The gist was that more radical approaches may be necessary. After debate, it seemed that the radical measures were put in reserve, and the current program of lobbying and briefs was upheld. A decision to reconvene in mid-June to discuss the Ontario government attitude — discussed here earlier — brought the meeting to a close.

On other fronts, journalist Gerald McNeil has achieved victory in the first stage of his struggle to fight arbitrary censorship in Nova Scotia. The Supreme Court unanimously decided that McNeil can indeed present his case in the Nova Scotia supreme court. He is fighting for the right of a private citizen to challenge censor board decisions; the province had maintained that no private citizens, only parties directly concerned such as distributors, can even take a case to court. Now McNeil has to win on home ground. The issue is a basic constitutional one, for it delves into the always sidestepped issue of censorship, which is provincial, and obscenity which is criminal and therefore a federal jurisdiction. Whether the censorship laws across Canada are in fact valid may be determined by this case.

Two TV programs have passed away, and while the entire world may not mourn, many actors, technicians, and writers will: **Police Surgeon** and **Swiss Family Robinson** were cancelled the minute that the U.S. FCC re-organized network viewing. Now the time slot that these programs appeared in will be returned to the networks. The series can't

generate enough income to survive; they need prime time exposure and the networks will now produce for the local stations. They are American programs, but they performed two important functions because they were made in Toronto: training Canadian crews and actors, and placing a vast amount of money into Canadian pockets for eating purposes: **Police Surgeon**, with a budget of \$70,000 per episode, pumped a million dollars into the Canadian industry while it existed.

Finally a further report from Sodom and Gomorrah. Rivalry being what it is, after Québec has its Inquiry into Tainted Meat, Ontario has come back fighting with more heavy words in its very own Inquiry into Tainted Film and TV. More prominent locals have been hired at outrageous fees to wander hither and thither. It's all to the good, I say, if we emerge from the dark revelations they will undoubtedly uncover in their eighteen month quest (Is that enough time to catalogue all the sins?), with hearts and minds purged and purer.

Productions: Recent / Current / Imminent

Summer is traditionally the time for shooting film in Canada, but this year the low profile in feature filming continues in English Canada and even extends into Quebec, where output has greatly fallen. At the most recent CFDC meeting in the last week of May, no English language features were approved and only three French productions received go-aheads. And while a Canadian producer is shooting in Arizona, the province of Alberta will host several American films this summer. And plans are being implemented for the forthcoming television season.

Some features are set to go. Keg Productions will shoot their second feature, **Wilderness Man — The Strange Story of Grey Owl**. Harvey Hart may direct **Goldenrod** in August, and another large budget effort, **Summer Rain**, is set to go with Ratch Wallace producing and Bill Fruet directing. Don Shebib reportedly will direct a film in late summer, with Les Weinstein, manager of TV's Irish Rovers, producing. It's about a stockbroker who gives up everything to become a marathon runner.

Allan Eastman will shoot his low-budget feature **A Sweeter Song** this sum-

mer. He will direct his screenplay co-authored with Jim Henshaw, and John Hunter will produce. Bob Brooks will handle cinematography and Sam Jephcott will be production manager. Cast includes Henshaw, Susan Petrie, Cayle Chernin, Linda Houston, André Lawrence, Nick Mancuso, and others, in a story Eastman describes as a comedy of sexual values and identities, and a study of a Toronto subculture.

More in the planning stages include projects from Quadrant Films, and an adaptation of Gogol's *The Inspector General* planned by Tony Kranreither, to be called **The Centennial Express**, with a script by Martin Lager. Kranreither's **Lions for Breakfast** received a favourable response at its premiere as part of the Guelph Spring Festival this year.

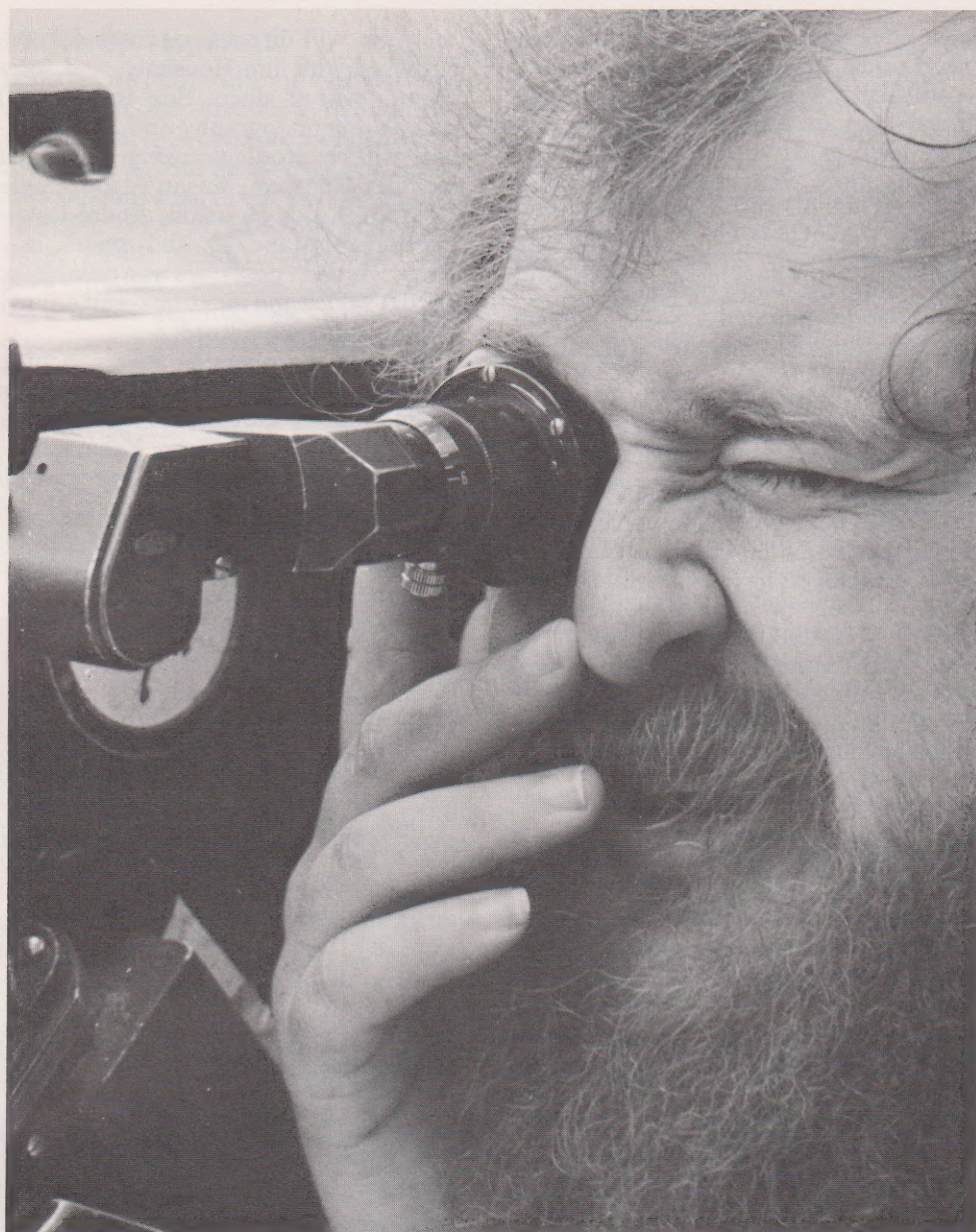
Alberta will see plenty of action this summer if all those Americans really do invade. Universal is planning to film **Mustang Country** with venerable Joel MacRae, and Robert Altman will spend summer and fall shooting **Buffalo Bill** with Paul Newman in an adaptation of Arthur Kopit's play *Indians*. Rumour has it that Arthur Penn will return to Calgary, where he shot **Little Big Man**, to do a film starring Marlon Brando. Maybe instead of Toronto, Calgary will be the Hollywood of the North.



John Kemeny and Gerald Schneider

Meanwhile Canadian producers are looking south. The Duddy duo, John Kemeny and Gerald Schneider, are filming **White Line Forever** with Jan Michael Vincent in Arizona, and **Embryo**, scheduled by Sandy Howard and Harold Greenberg for Montreal shooting, is being made in Los Angeles, with very little evidence of Canadian presence.

In the finishing stages for short planning are **With These Hands**, a thirty-



Bill Boyle

minute drama about a deaf girl and a mime artist. Bill Boyle will direct and Jim Henshaw and Lynne Griffin will star. Funding is almost complete. Also, the first in a series of half-hour dramas made by the NFB for the CBC has been completed. John Smith directed Luce Guilbeault and Vladimir Valenta in **The Customer**. Under executive producer James Domville and producer Roman Kroiter, the NFB has been running drama workshops for the past half year for its directors. Valenta, Eli Rill, and Israel Hicks worked with five directors this year. Six will participate next year, and long range plans include expanding the program all across the country.

Scheduled to resume shooting this summer is Joyce Weiland's **The Far Shore**. And the Saskatchewan government is discussing investing up to \$300,000 in Allan King's feature of W.O. Mitchell's **Who Has Seen the Wind?** CFDC May approvals include Jean Claude Lord's **Panique**, André Forcier's **L'eau chaud l'eau froide**, and Jacques Gagnon's **L'Affaire Coffin**.

Completed shorts we've heard about are **Metric Man**, a ten minute effort explaining metric ideas, made by Cariboo Cartoons for the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs. Cariboo was set up by Sheridan College graduates. And Gerald Robinson was

producer and director of a recruitment film for Keyano College in Fort McMurray Alberta. He used a **Mission Impossible** format for this effort produced for Access TV North, a division of the Alberta Education Communications Department.

Television activity is picking up as fall schedules are finalised. CTV will have **Excuse My French** and **Maclean** returning, and, together with Champlain Productions is making **Kidstuff**, aimed at 8-11 year-olds. Bill Hartley is producing. Barbara Frum will have a network show on the CBC. And the Corporation is planning a massive examination of the October Crisis, with drama and documentary combined. **The Great Canadian Culture Hunt**, with George Robertson producing, will be seven hours on the arts for the CBC.

CBC drama is involving more French Canadians every month. Denys Héroux is shooting a **Sidestreet** episode starring Daniel Pilon. And in **The Real Story** series, Gilles Carle will direct a drama about the Métis. Gerry Mayer will also direct a **Sidestreet** episode, and Peter Pearson an episode of **The Real Story**. A drama about the Canadian vaudeville headliners who didn't move south, **The Dumbbells**, is being planned by CBC. name is the group's, not a commentary on staying in Canada to earn a living from the thriving culture industry.

TVers John Hirsch and Eric Till, along with author-publisher Jim Bacque, have announced plans for a wide-ranging series of dramas for educational purposes. Format would be TV, film, as well as literary aids, and outside investment is being sought. Hirsch says location shooting is necessary, and the CBC just doesn't have the money. But the material, he says, is out there, just crying to be used. Let's hope it's not just another voice from the wilderness.

On the other side of the ledger, a voice has been stilled. Global TV has cancelled **Sh . . . It's the News** despite a doubling in ratings and success on a miniscule budget; the program was one of the few comedy series on Canadian TV, and represents a serious loss to those writers and performers seeking experience in TV comedy, not to mention the audience that enjoys the show. Global has virtually erased any evidence of Canadian activity from its schedule, except for a few inane talk shows. Of course the money goes into Canadian Banks, I suppose,



Scene from "Kidstuff"

but two things should be noted: one of the main reasons Global was licensed was to produce Canadian programming, and the head of Global used to run CHUM radio in Toronto, whose programming is done by Americans. So now we have another American network to watch, and we made it ourselves.

Festivals, Awards, Honours

Now that Cannes has passed, the festival season moves into high gear for summer and fall gatherings. Currently on view are a group of films by women to form part of the month-long *Festival of Women and the Arts* in Toronto. Canadians contributing include Joyce Weiland, Sylvia Spring, Deborah Peaker and Marie Waisberg. June 15-18 saw the AMTEC (Association of Media and Technology in Education in Canada) gathering in Edmonton. For users and suppliers of educational aids in the visual area, the conference featured Knowlton Nash as guest speaker, Christopher Sarsen on software, Kenneth Komoski on learner verification, and John de Mercado on people and machines. The Educational Film Library Association in New York held its annual American Film Festival June 2-7. Included in the program was André Leduc's **Tout Écartille**

director Bill Davidson, writer Martin Lager and cast Jan Rubes, Jim Henshaw, Susan Petrie, and Paul Bradley created a well-received film, according to those who attended. Media 75 was held in Toronto in May, featuring several film panels for people in the media and the public.

Several festivals have announced dates and some idea of program, so you can plan vacations or drop in if you're passing through. Filmexpo has returned to a summer date, August 8-15 to be exact, and to its original location, Ottawa's National Arts Centre Theatre. Director of Programming Wayne Clarkson (1762 Carling Avenue; phone 729-1593) has slated some films definitely, including *Les Ordres*, Jack Hazan's *A Bigger Splash*, Ken Hannam's *Sunday Too Far Away*, and is negotiating for Henry Jaglom's *A Safe Place*, André Forcier's *Bar Salon*, 1975

Jan Rubes and Danny Forbes in "Lions for Breakfast"



shown in a special series called Film as Art. And the Guelph Spring Festival included a real old fashioned movie premiere: *Lions for Breakfast* was shown at the Palace Theatre with dinner before and a party following, as well as a lion in the lobby. Producer Tony Kranreither,

Cannes Special Jury Award winner *Everyman for Himself and God Against All* by Werner Herzog, Andrezej Wajda's *Land of Promise*, Monte Hellman's *Cockfighter*, Joan Micklin Silver's *Hester Street*, plus other Canadian and foreign features.

August 23-30 is the annual Robert Flaherty Film Seminar in Massachusetts, centering on the documentary and presenting old and new efforts. Among the latter is Teri McLuhan's *The Shadow Catcher* about photographer Edward Curtis. The Stratford Film Festival is scheduled for September 13-20. Critic in residence will be John Russell Taylor, special guest will be John Frankenheimer with his film *Impossible Object*, and a tribute to Rock Demers of Faroun Films on their tenth anniversary. September 24-28 are the dates for the Famous Players Student Film Festival, to be held at Sir George Williams University in Montreal. Any 16mm or 35mm short made by a student at any educational institution is eligible.

The Canadian Film Awards are officially on again, sort of. Only English language films are allowed, including subtitled or dubbed foreign language efforts. Niagara-on-the-Lake is the site, and again Gerald Pratley will head an international jury. The Secretary of State has allocated \$40,000 (and \$15,000 to the French sector for a similar effort, if they wish), and possibly the CBC will broadcast the final night. A showing of top winners is being planned for Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre following the event, and hence to other cities if possible.

Application forms are available from:

**Canadian Film Awards Committee,
Box 1003, Station A, Toronto**

Deadline for returns: **August 15, 1975**

Films must be Canadian, produced or released between September 1973 and September 1975.

Categories: Feature fiction, feature non-fiction, documentary, animation, theatrical short, television drama.

Note: There are no entry fees in any category.

The Yorkton Festival returns this year for the thirteenth time from October 22-25. Applications are being accepted until August 1st. 16mm and 8mm, with a maximum running time of sixty minutes will compete for seventeen craft and category awards. A conference on the current state of the Canadian film industry will be held on the 25th in conjunction with the festival. Write the Festival Secretary, Box 477, Yorkton, Saskatchewan, S3N 2W4, for further information.

A non-dated festival for amateur films is the Canadian International Amateur Film Festival. Write P.O. Box 64, Brantford Ontario for further information. Regina is the starting point for a touring film

and video show for the purpose of showing western efforts to the east. Camera West (Room 308, College Building, University of Regina) will assemble about 200 photographs and twelve films, and is looking for participants. A pamphlet and directory are planned, according to organizer Larry Bauman.

Canadian films have been and will be travelling this year. Three features are to be shown at L'Age d'Or, held at Belgium's Royal Archive: *Il Était Une Fois dans l'Est*, *Montreal Main*, and *Bar Salon*. Julius Kohányi's *H-A* has been invited to the Berlin Festival, and Deborah Peaker's *Loads* will be shown at the Moscow Film Festival. During October the American Film Institute Theatre in Washington will present twelve Canadian features as part of a Canadian Season. They will be chosen from productions completed since 1971. Pre-selection is going on now, so no names are available.

Hello Friend, a short by Toronto student filmmakers Mark Sobel and Robin Lee, gained first place in the U.S. Public Broadcasting System's national amateur film competition, 1300 entries competed in the 15-18 year-old category. The film has won other awards previously. Moreland-Latchford's *Introduction to Pottery* won the Gold Camera Award, the highest in the 1975 U.S. Industrial Film Festival, over 500 other competitors.

The *Missing the Point Totally and Completely Award* this issue goes to St. Lawrence College near Kingston for pulling Michel Brault's *Les Ordres* from a film festival during Canada Week because 'the film is not in keeping with the theme of Canadian unity,' said one official.

Where it's At: Mordecai Richler and Lionel Chetwynd received a Writer's Guild of America Award for *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* screenplay. The division was adaptation from another medium. The category was Best American Comedy.

Film People/Random Notes

The Canadian Film and Television Association held its annual meeting in Toronto recently, and announces Harold Eady is President, Gunter Henning Vice-President, and directors Robert Harwood, John Ross, Peter Hollidge, Ronald Brown, C. Lynn Meek, Findlay J. Quinn, Ralph Umbarger, Henry Michaud. Discussions involved urging the Federal Government to call for film tenders on their own and not via the NFB, and emphasizing that Pay TV should use private facilities for production, not build more studios, as there are enough already. . . . The CFDC annual report, released and tabled in Parlia-

ment, reveals that the body spent \$3.5 million in its last fiscal year, invested in twenty-four films (eleven low budget, four English major productions and nine French majors), and received income of \$830,000, up \$50,000 from a year ago.

Screenings: The Ontario Art Gallery presented a series of three evenings wherein filmmakers appeared with their films. Michael Ondaatje showed *The Clinton Special*, Don Shebib was there with *Good Times*, *Bad Times*, and *Satan's Choice*, and Frank Vitale appeared with *Montreal Main*. . . . The Ontario Film Theatre, Canadian Film Institute, and Cinémathèque Québécoise joined to present a touring series of Swiss films. . . . *Janis* and *My Pleasure is my Business* opened in French in Montreal.

Act of the Heart and *Réjeanne Padovani* were shown on CTV in May. . . . CTV presented two very accomplished series recently: *Window on the World* presented *The Grains of Conflict*, about the world food shortage. It was candid and hard-hitting, and although most of the content was about India, sections on Canada brought the problem right to our doorstep. **Canada: Five Portraits** focussed on different sections of the country. Gordon Pinsent narrated, Louis Applebaum wrote the music, Jerry Lawton produced, and writers included George Ryga, Barry Callaghan, and Ron Kelly. . . . **Sprockets** continued to present new filmmakers: Michael Hirsch's *Lyle Leffler Last of the Medicine Men*, and Indra Seja's *As Clear As* were among June broadcasts.

Speaking of CTV news and **Sprockets**, two kudos are in order, one from afar and one from myself. Deepa Saltzman's film *At 99*, about Louise Tandy Murch elicited so much response when shown on **Sprockets** — five hundred letters — that the CBC bought it again. The film has won the Red Ribbon award in the New



Hideaki Kobayashi DOP with Deepa Saltzman shooting "At 99"

York Festival. And the filmmakers have been invited to travel to India and make a personal portrait of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. While there they'll also make two children's films. . . . On the day after the collapse of Vietnam, I attended a CTV screening and present was

News Director Tom Gould. We talked at length about Vietnam and his vast experience in the country was fascinating to learn from. One sensed more than the objective journalistic vantage point, and he explained his frustration with our cold-blooded government in Ottawa and their performance in Saigon. Obviously he had made friends there, and he told several heartbreaking tales. What was more important about Goulds is that he follows through on his beliefs: days later, without fanfare, he was at a Toronto hotel helping Vietnamese refugees cope with arrival chaos. He seems to embody CTV news in that way: speaking out in a personal and necessary way. It's too bad the CBC is so tied up in union stupidity that strikes occur if Lloyd Robertson does an interview, let alone declares himself an individual. Maybe then **Viewpoint** would really be gone, and an autopsy could be performed on Earl Cameron to see if he ever really lived.

Results: Rank has picked up Crawley's feature **The Man Who Skied Down Mount Everest**. . . . **Black Christmas** has been sold to the Herald Group for Far East distribution. . . . **The Heat Wave Lasted Four Days** obtained one of the highest ratings when shown on ABC's *Wide World of Entertainment* in April. . . . George Ritter Films adds the U.S. to its territory for distribution of Thames TV non-theatrically. . . . CBC has made several foreign sales. Finland bought **Vicky, Twelve-and-a-Half Cents**, and six **Collaborators**. ITV in Britain purchased thirteen **Collaborators**, Southern TV thirteen **Beachcombers**, and Granada TV eighteen episodes of **The Nature of Things**.

The Canada Council announced \$203,000 in grants recently, for film and video. Individual recipients include Fernand Bélanger from Québec City, Byron Black from Vancouver, Guy Borremans, Montreal, Richard Boutet, Montreal, Don Druik, Vancouver, Pierre Falandau, Montreal, Claude Gagnon, St-Hyacinthe, Jean Leclerc, Sorel, Brendan Lee, Vancouver, Franck le Flaquais, Montreal, David Rothberg, Toronto, Deepa Saltzman, Toronto, Karl Shiffman, Toronto, Sylvia Spring, Toronto, Lisa Steele, Toronto, Mary Stephen, Montreal, Susan Wolfson, Toronto, and Paul Wong of Vancouver. Organizations include Le Conservatoire d'art cinématographique of Montréal, Fringe Research, Toronto, Toronto Filmmakers Co-op, Visus Foundation, Toronto, and Satellite Video Exchange Society in Vancouver.

Literati: Pierre Berton's **Hollywood's Canada** is certainly going to receive top billing in the push league: a first run of thirty thousand copies has been ordered. Berton viewed over one hundred films, read story lines of several hundred more,

and travelled extensively for his book. He claims to have found documentation in Trade and Commerce and RCMP files proving Hollywood pressure to fight quotas. . . . Four women are publishing an access resource catalogue on film and video for works about or of interest to women. Also included are courses available, how to care for films, etc. Innervision can be contacted at 84 McCaul St., Toronto. . . . CBC writers workshop in June hosted fiction writers to work on television writing technique. Attending were Juan Butler, Betty Cooper, James Demers, Fred Euringer, James Fenario, Beth Harvor, Helene Holden, and W.D. Valgardson.

Regarding the CBC training programs, Casting Head Muriel Sherrin has been given added duties as co-ordinator of Program Development, meaning direct responsibility for development, co-ordination and planning of training programs. . . . Gordon Pinsent received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from the University of Prince Edward Island. Cited were his contributions to Canadian, and especially Maritime culture. Pinsent is negotiating with the NFB to film his latest novel **John and the Missus**. . . . The Conseil québécois pour la diffusion du cinéma sent Richard Lavoie on a tour of France and Belgium to talk to distributors and organizations. The group has also prepared a brochure on films concerning the October Crisis. . . . The NFB has appointed John Boundy head of English Canadian distribution. . . .

Jean Gascon has replaced Jean Louis Roux on the NFB Board. . . . Eva Kushner replaces Bernice Holata on the Canada Council board. . . . Frederik Manter has joined the Canadian Film Institute, and a replacement is being sought for his position at the Canadian Filmmakers' Distribution Centre. . . . Norman Jewison may move back to Toronto from London, if he feels post-production facilities in his home town are adequate. . . . Donald Sutherland hasn't given up on a Norman Bethune biography. . . . Robert Charlebois has signed a two-year three-film contract with Sergio Leone. . . . Stuart Gillard, lead in **Why Rock the Boat?** and **Pardon My French**, has left to seek his fortune in Hollywood.

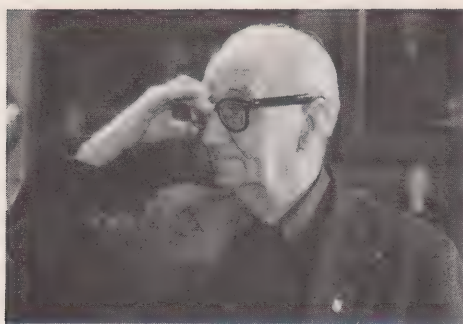
Errati and Mistakes Pointed Out by Constant Readers: Andrew Ruhl, who made one short entered in the Cannes Festival, is a student at Conestoga College in Cambridge Ontario, not Sir George Williams University. . . . The CCFM is not officially represented on CFDC advisory board, as I wrongly included them last issue. The committee just keeps taking their ideas around the corner, rather than hearing them face to face.

HALIFAX

Down East

In the No. 17 issue of Cinema Canada Liz Mullan and I interviewed Chuck Lapp, Lionel Simmons and John Brett about the work and direction of the Atlantic Filmmakers Co-operative. At that time the Co-Op had a small and active membership whose films were either in initial production stages or still very much in the dream factory. Now the Co-Op has taken a further direction feeling that those long, tedious winter months spent in the cutting room are a justification for a more amplified existence. Moreover, the Co-Op's financial health is assured as the Canada Council has awarded it a new grant of \$23,000; the Cultural Services section of the Nova Scotia Department of Recreation will be supporting it with \$6,800; and the National Film Board will be providing an additional \$5,000 for film stock. As Co-ordinator Chuck Lapp explains, the Co-Op wants to develop a more regional posture in which its activities will hopefully be felt throughout the Atlantic provinces. Its Board of Directors for the coming year are: Lionel Simmons, Sam Grana, Bill MacGillivray, Shelagh McNab and Paul Mitchell-tree from Nova Scotia, plus three more to be named shortly — one each from Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. The Co-Op will be broadening its educational base too as it will be collaborating with the Film Board and the Department of Recreation in a number of filmmaking workshops. It has also allotted \$3,000 of its budget for travel and promotion so that filmmakers will be able to attend conferences and workshops in the Atlantic area.

The Co-Op has been in close touch with the Film Board's regional production centre in Halifax all along and the two exchange ideas, services, often manpower. This rapport is very noteworthy because it speaks well of the Film Board's policy of decentralizing its own production together with supporting independent filmmakers. Film is an adaptable art and filmmaking a collaborative process that is at home in a Newfoundland outpost, in midtown Toronto or deep in the Okanagan. This is not meant to give film an overall nationalistic tone but to point out the value of it as a way of generating total social experience. In fact, we should stop brooding over the sickly state of the feature film industry in Canada, with the exception of Québec where a healthy film community exists. Our feature film industry has no inherent uniqueness and is continentalist as the term "feature



Joey Smallwood in "Atlanticanada"

film" connotes an acceptance of New York/Hollywood styles and conventions. We need to develop a Canadian cinema through film co-operatives, film board regional centres and other community settings.

Atlanticanada

Indeed, the Film Board regional production unit in Halifax is contributing to the development of a Canadian cinema along cultural and community lines as evidenced by its work which was shown on the **Atlanticanada** CBC special in April. In putting together the two and a half hour show which consisted of films ranging from thirty-minute documentaries to thirty-second cartoons, the board adopted a light, musical and humorous approach. Most of the work had a personal aspect as it centred around people from different parts of the Atlantic Provinces. Viewers were treated to everything from **Scoggie** — a film about the thoughts of a Cape Bretoner to **The Brothers Byrne** a film which covered the return of two brothers to the outport they were born in.

Most people in the Atlantic area responded well to the show as indicated by the comments made on the phone-in program that followed the special. Callers were able to talk to Rex Tasker, Executive Producer of the Atlantic Production Unit, to several directors of the films screened and to local film critics. Major criticisms expressed locally about the films were that they centred primarily around men, did not depict minority groups which account for a significant part of the Atlantic mosaic and that they didn't confront any socio-economic problems particular to the Atlantic region. However, in his introductory comments, host Max Ferguson set the tone for the light-hearted program and specified that there would be no "in-depth" films. In the near future perhaps we can look forward to films that deal with the social issues of Atlanticanada.

New Directions

In co-operation with the Film Board's Studio D and the local production unit, the Film Co-Op is providing equipment for five sixty-second films which are being produced under the Board's "Just a Minute" program — a project for

women who wish to learn about filmmaking and produce short films. Films currently being made are: **The Tavern** by Edith Rey, **I'm Ready, Dear** by Gert



Shooting "The Tavern"

Mabey, **Assembly Line** by Jay MacLean, **Women in Motion** by Shelagh McNab, and **Friends** by Sharon Mann. The Co-Op also assists "Reel Life" — a women's media collective — with services and equipment. This August at the Nova Scotia Festival of the Arts in Halifax, the Co-Op hopes to stage its first official film festival with a screening of all films completed at that time.

Inside the Co-Op

Now to examine some of the Co-Op's work in 16mm to date: Lionel Simmons' **Masterpiece** and John Brett's **Voices from the Landscape** are in rough cut stages. Where as Lionel's film is a voyage into a future world, John's is a kindling of the past in which he uncovers the life and landscape of an Acadian com-

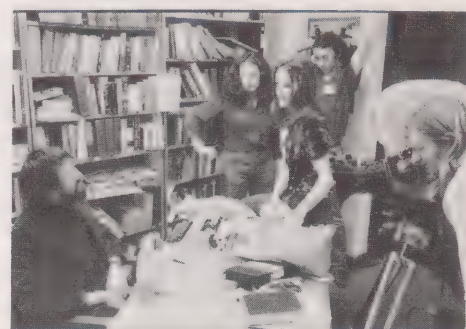


Jay MacLean, Lionel Simmons — "Mackerel Lens"

munity. Ramona MacDonald is still labouring over her improvised drama **Regan's Cove**. Also in rough cut stages are: Bill MacGillivray's **Lil and Mr. Bill**, a brief glimpse of an elderly couple as they move from their eight-sided home full of ephemera and trinkets into a city apartment; Ken Pittman's **The Devil's Purse**, a mystical treatment of the sculptures of artist Don Wright which are based on the nest of a sea snake that washes up on the shores of Newfoundland; and Gary Castle's **Bluegrass**, a free-wheeling look at a country music festival held outside of Halifax.

As for new productions, Chuck Lapp has almost completed the shooting of **Paradise**, a drama which follows the life of a disillusioned academic. Chuck commented that making a dramatic film in a number of locations, including a tavern and an all night cafe provided something of a spectator event for the public. However, three hefty customers nearly turned the set into a brawl area in the all night cafe, and in another scene shot on Good Friday in an apartment with windows blacked out by blankets the landlord intervened with a policeman believing that a black mass was being celebrated. . . .

Talking about the differences between live theatre and film drama, Chuck Lapp commented that if he were to work within a dramatic framework again, he would try to develop the film around an actor or actress *per se* rather than an idea or character. **Paradise**, which tries to in-



Filming "Paradise"

corporate a theatrical and literary context in a visually contained piece, will be a test of how compatible conventional drama really is with the film medium — which is kinetic and has a large visual syntax.

This sample of the Co-Op's work points out its diversity. The feeling for experimentation, improvisation and traditional cinematic forms can be encouraged since the Atlantic Co-Op is in itself experimental. The Co-Op has been active now for one year and has almost completed its first work period. Its future lies not only in more work being done in Halifax but also through the more regional posture chosen which, together with the Film Board's local production centre and the Co-Op's involvement with other projects and programs such as "Just a Minute", is a commitment to the developing Canadian cinema.

—Lon Dubinsky

VANCOUVER

Production

Micawber-like all my contacts sing the same plaintive key: "I'm expecting something to turn up." Well, one producer has almost decided to turn up — this time back at the old stand in London. A London which Trevor Wallace six years ago vowed he would never make another film in.

Why? Because of the 'greedy unions'. Meanwhile Trevor made a \$1,250,000 feature film which filled the definition that a film should entertain, and it did: **Christina**, all done in Vancouver. Last year he came up with an international cast, augmented by approximately 60 local supports. The cost: \$2,500,000 all locally subscribed, put **Journey Into Fear** in the can, and at the moment it might best be termed, **Journey Into Limbo**. With \$6,000,000 in his kitty, and at last a hungry and tractable union standing submissively hat in hand, waiting for any favours, the possibility of Wallace making his **Ultra Secret** in the great Metropolis seems probable.

Where lies the difficulty with British Columbia? First we have a government which typifies the amateur stance, piddling around with community crafts, and ignoring the potential coin; willing, with a little persuasion, to dump it all into our fair province.

Professional film makers have been urging a film commissioner with know-how to persuade foreign independents to keep coming to B.C. instead of falling for the blandishments of 'on the ball' Charles 'Chuck' Ross, filmmaker for the Alberta government. Bob Altman, who captured Vancouver in a love affair, then after producing two features here, exchanged flying crockery, and departed; came back to Vancouver recently, looked around and left. His next is a Western apparently, but who knows if the visit was a reprise with his old love, and if finding no inducements governmentally, or civically, he retreated to Los Angeles? Anyway Mr. Ross flew to L.A., and offered Frank Arrega, the production manager of Altman's company, assurance that the government of the Oil Barons would give carte blanche to the production. Result is \$10,000,000 worth of feature work for Alberta. The People's Government in B.C., mean-

while sits on its public derriere, ignoring a ready-made secondary industry that at the very least would keep ACTRA and IATSE taxpayers happy.

There are varying opinions for the present 'slump'. One from Jim Westwell suggests IATSE and ACTRA will have to take another look at their demands and stand cap in hand also. If feature making has reached the stage where its ingredients are to be picked up in the economy basement, the future looks bleak.

Also on the foreign independent scene is Panorama Studios of West Vancouver. The tenacity, persistence, and drive behind this studio is still Muriel May. In 1961, Mrs. May started the subsequent feature making flurry by investing her hard earned money and time into the complex, and into Panorama's first Canadian-made feature, which shall be nameless. Currently she is stirring up a new flurry with Michael Relph, Chairman of the British Film Producers Association.

Michael Relph came to Canada this year to discuss a treaty with Canada for British-Canadian co-productions. The treaty apparently is five years old. During this time the CFDC did not see fit to acquaint any of the Western film makers with what was afoot. Relph arrived, assumed a British 'fairplay' stance when he recognized the absence of Western participation, and flew west to find out why. At least Mr. Relph discovered a subtle rift between Eastern Bureaucracy and Western Laxity. He was not amused. The off shot was that Keith Cutler, representing the Western block of the Directors Guild of Canada will attend the final draft of the treaty, and with this new awareness it is hoped "big brother" will pay more attention to the small kid.

On the purely Canadian scene also there is gloom and a sense of doom. Ray Brickell the prospective producer of **Temple on Wednesday** seems at this point to be treading mud in his pursuit of investments. Jack Darcus, whose **Wolfpen Principle** created a flurry among the critics, is busy writing scripts. One is under consideration by the CFDC. The other two are reserves to create a 'double whammy.' Darcus described his pursuit of the local investment dollar as "wading through mud." Here again is the waiting period, which the prospect of the government 100% tax write off may alleviate. Darcus also blames lack of a quota system, and distribution.

The one ingredient no one has mentioned so far is a scenario that relates to its audience. Ambidextrous genius clutters the forest, the cameraman-producer-director-writer; still the

forest tangle is there, and the output is weedy. If there isn't a Canadian writer who can turn out such a script, what are all those bodies doing sitting around waiting?

Werner Aellen, who produced **The Wolfpen Principle** and then laid his hand to an impossible turkey, is in Europe interesting German and other distributors in his stock. A man cannot be faulted for making a mistake, but one can forgive if it happens farther along the road of a career. Werner is not alone in his quest for exposure, after watching the American turkeys running in first class houses, there is surely room for unexposed Canadian features on screens outside of Canada?

Don Wilson, who has produced a couple of underground films, is reported near production of a CFDC low budgeter. Can Canada afford another underground effort? Isn't it time the audience had a chance to see real human beings reacting to real everyday problems? David Curnick, and Wilson a few years ago turned out a shoestring comedy that in spots had some of the funniest sequences so far created by Canadian low budgeters.

Guy Bergeron, Resident in Film, at Simon Fraser University is holding a script workshop this summer. It will include exclusive script writing, developing it in terms of drama into a workable shooting script. The hope being that one or two scripts resulting will be put into production during the Fall workshop. A display of students' film making is to be repeated at Images Theatre, SFU. Out of it, let us hope, will arise the David Lean of Western Canada.

Peter Jones' regional staff of the National Film Board are in the between stage also. The budget has just been announced and Peter and Jack Long are heading together to decide what will be produced, and who will produce what. Shelah Reljic, is now a producer.

A respite for IATSE was the February filming of Lawrence Schiller's story of the Ralph Forbes, Helen Kellemen trauma at Watson Lake. This was the incident of a light plane crash in which the pilot was killed and the passengers were given up for lost for 43 days, which made international headlines. Edward Asner, (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*), and Sally Struthers, (*All In The Family*), provided the pizzaz. Schiller produced and directed the ABC Movie of the Week. Local stuntman John Thomas worked on the crew and did a little neck-breaking potential.

But all this seems like diving for pebbles. And it is. It appears B.C. is in for a long, cold summer.

—Jack Ammon

C.R.T.C. Hearings — Vancouver

CRTC opened hearings in Vancouver on April 22nd to receive applications for Channel 10, the last remaining VHF channel in southwest B.C., and for Channel 26, the UHF channel.

The well conducted hearings provided one of those rare opportunities for concerned people to make their feelings known BEFORE important and far reaching policy decisions are made. The public availed themselves so well of the chance that M. Juneau, the Chairman, was prompted to remark upon 'the fantastic ganging up' against the applicants.

The hearings were somewhat of a rerun of the 1973 meetings when the so-called license to print money was previously up for grabs. The quality of applications at that time was so uniformly bad that the commission declined to give the license to any one of them. There were many people there who expressed the hope that M. Juneau would stick to that decision this time as well.

Each of the three private companies who competed for the VHF channel unfolded plans of how they would put the airtime to use. Ten Television promised 120 weekly hours of programming, Pacific Rim Broadcasting promised 70 weekly hours with the possible addition of 3 daily hours of educational T.V. and Western Approaches promised 104 weekly hours — this figure also to be supplemented by educational T.V. Of those hours local programming would be 24 for Ten T.V., 32 for Pacific Rim and 26 for Western.

Without entering into too much detail the salient points seem to be as follows: Ten Television is the best financed with \$10,000,000 — with the major shareholder being Dr. Charles Allard. Wendell Wilks would be the driving force behind the station. Allard and Wilks have a similar operation with CITV in Edmonton. While they expressed an awareness of the large numbers of production, performing and writing talent in this area they went on to say that most of their people would come in from Edmonton. There are some reservations about the possibility that such an operation would merely serve as an extension of the Edmonton operation to balance out production costs and this would be a singularly unnecessary addition to Vancouver.

Pacific Rim Broadcasting has 6.5 million and applicants are Graham Dawson, the Vancouver Developer, lawyer Charles Wills and Seymour Epstein — one of the principals of Global. This latter fact is interesting since Mr. Dawson had denied any connection with

Global in the weeks preceding the hearings. The group says that Manitoba Tax lawyer and former leader of that province's Liberal Party, Izzy Asper, will be added as a shareholder at a later date. One bewildering aspect of this group's plans was the proposed setting up of an independent production company which would produce, among other things, Made for T.V. Movies for which they would seek government financing. It's hard to make sense of a proposal that would hand a private group firstly the public airwaves, secondly tax payers' money to make their programmes, and thirdly the enormous revenues that would come from such programmes.

The third group is Western Approaches with the respected name of Darryl Duke as president in company with writer Norman Klenman and local radio biggie Bill Bellman. Of the three, Western has the least amount of operating capital with 4.6 million. They also plan the smallest staff of the three applicants which opens up the healthy possibility of free lance personnel being used. Many in the film community hold out hopes for Duke and his group with the thought that at the very least he will balance creative standards with commercial ones.

The CBC made application on the basis of their long standing argument that they deserve the channel for use in Victoria. The B.C. Government in their brief supported this and gave as an option that CBC be given another channel for Victoria use and that Channel 10 become a Provincial Education System.

Among the many interventions we heard from the B.C. Teachers Federation with a backing of 250,000 total number of members in organizations (i.e. unions) that supported their position and from Herschel Hardin for the Association of Public Broadcasting. The B.C. Film Industries Association President Keith Cutler read a brief prepared by Peter Bryant which asked that any station receiving the license would make it part of its mandate to use local freelance people.

At the outset Mayor Art Phillips said that a new station would be a shot in the arm for local employment. As we have seen with our two existing local stations, this is not necessarily true. There is a great reluctance to hire freelance people here that has existed for some years.

For Channel 26 UHF, license applicants were Western Approaches (who covered their bases in case they should not receive Channel 10) and Toronto's wunderkind Moses Znaimer. In a sometimes amusing presentation Znaimer, who is of course the man behind Channel 79 in Toronto, presented

himself as the little guy and decried the big bad Americanised slick guys. That, perhaps, was the slickest move of all. Though some feeling was expressed that Znaimer's presentation represented the arrogant assumption that what Vancouver needed was a Toronto type station, on the whole the attention was given to the big guys and the possibilities there. No one is making any bets as they did in 1973. Same time next year M. Juneau?

— Fiona Jackson

Vancouver Film Politics

Keith Cutler of the B.C.F.I.A. attended a conference in Ottawa regarding co-production agreements with Great Britain. Cutler's attendance was a last minute affair, based on the fact that the British representative, Michael Relph, had visited Vancouver. The C.F.D.C. had not asked the B.C.F.I.A. to attend, although various British groups have used and expressed interest in Panorama studios over the last several years.

The Pacific Film Co-operative is working primarily in the area of distribution, with two projects under way. One is to work in the interior in a five community film tour and research project, the other is to assist Enda Bratt in becoming a film agent and to work in distribution for independent film makers. The Pacific Film Co-operative is also collecting film scripts and outlines for later production proposals. Any interested writer can send material to B.J. Clayden, Co-operative Co-ordinator, 3241 W. 14th Street, Vancouver.

The B.C.F.I.A. has elected to join the C.C.F.M. Patricia Robertson is the West Coast representative to the C.C.F.M. and participated in the last general meeting.

On the B.C. Government front the B.C.F.I.A., the Co-operative and Director's guild, among others, are still trying to communicate with the government on various film policies. Perhaps the B.C. government will wake up when they find out the old version of the Film Brochure, with W.A.C. Bennett pictured in his glowing glory, was mailed out recently to a number of Hollywood producers by the B.C. Tourist Bureau.

The B.C.F.I.A. Features Committee, which is composed of feature film directors and potential producers, would like to see scripts, outlines, novels for feature films. The Committee will circulate the scripts to interested producers. Writers are asked to send their scripts with a letter attesting to copyright ownership, and a self addressed stamped

envelope to Peter Bryant, Feature Films Committee, B.C.F.I.A., 1634 Maple St., Vancouver. The committee will be responsible for the circulation of the scripts, and will encourage a number of producers to look at them.

The B.C.F.I.A. is also publishing a newsletter available at \$3.00 per year, up to date with all the latest gossip and rumors. Available from the B.C.F.I.A., P.O. Box 91442, West Vancouver, B.C.



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CCFM News

CCFM entered its third year with the May 4 Annual General Meeting. Approximately 200 film people turned out for a marathon 4 hour meeting that began with Peter Rowe's fabulous and funny documentary on how the American majors have done it to us all these years — **Backlot Canadiana** — and wound up with the presentation of CCFM's first annual "Awards".

The funny part first. Winners of some of the "Awards" were:

Honourable Hugh Faulkner, Secretary of State — BEST DAMN FIDDLER

Michael Spencer, Executive Director CFDC — LIES MY FATHER TOLD ME

Odeon Theatres (Canada) and Famous Players Canadian Corp. — KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY

All the Canadian filmmakers in Hollywood — GOIN' DOWN THE ROAD

The Unemployment Insurance Commission — THE ONLY THING YOU KNOW

Staff of the Secretary of State's Office — WHY ROCK THE BOAT

CFDC and the Hollywood majors — BETWEEN FRIENDS (this joint Award in honour of the voluntary quota agreement)

Council of Canadian Filmmakers — THE HARD PART BEGINS

Winners of the ZERO THE FOOL Award and the MONKEYS IN THE ATTIC Award were not made public due to Canada's libel and slander laws.

The not so funny part of the meeting was the round of reports by the Executive Committee on Government action,

and lack of it, in dealing with the film industry's ailments. In brief, those reports summarized the attitudes of the Federal Government, the CBC, the NFB, the CFDC as immobile. Jack Gray's assessment of Federal Government progress as "glacial — that is, moving with imperceptible speed" was good for some laughs, but the Executive and the members present did not view the inadequacy of Government policy with any good humour. Calls were made for increased demands and more direct action.

The situation with the Ontario Government was reported as relatively encouraging. After years of silence the Ontario Government, under the new Minister of Culture and Recreation, Robert Welch, is moving into intensive meetings with the industry on the quota and levy legislation. It was reported that the Minister had set mid-June as a target date for completion of studies. It was the feeling of the meeting that this matter should be pursued, and the decision was taken to hold another General Meeting on Sunday, June 15. The purpose of this meeting was to assess the quota and levy policy if it was prepared, and strategy for pushing harder if it wasn't. It now appears that the policy will not be finalized by June 15 but the meeting was held to give the membership progress reports on it, and the CRTC Hearings of June 10.

Other results of the Annual General Meeting:

Individual member representatives elected to the Executive Committee for the coming year;

Pen Densham

Kirwan Cox

Agi Ibrányi-Kiss

Don Shebib

Allan King

Sandra Gathercole

Phil McPhedran

Organization representatives are:

Don Wilder

DGC

Rod Haikan

IATSE 873

Patrick Spence-Thomas

NABET 700

Ken Post

CSC

Jack Gray

ACTRA

John Watson

CFEG

Patricia Robertson

BCFIA

Robin Spry

SGCT

Bill Boyle Toronto Filmmakers' Co-op

David Kelly

IATSE 644C

The Executive Committee has elected the following officers:

Sandra Gathercole

Chairperson

Robin Spry

Vice-Chairperson

Jack Gray

Secretary-Treasurer

The British Columbia Film Industry Association was welcomed as the newest CCFM member organization.

Several resolutions were passed including:

1. a call on the CFDC, Secretary of State, CBC, and NFB for more effective leadership of the film industry
2. a condemnation of the misleading and incorrect testimony on the state of the industry given by the CFDC to the Standing Committee on Broadcasting, Films and Assistance to the Arts
3. a call on the CBC for increased purchasing of Canadian films
4. a confirmation of CCFM commitment to the development of an indigenous, as opposed to a branch plant, film industry in Canada

It was decided to immediately establish a newsletter and a series of policy seminars to overcome the lack of communication with members.

Since the Annual General Meeting, CCFM has held further meetings with the Ontario Government on quota and levy legislation, and with the Federal Government on film policy development. Through the City Working Group on Film, CCFM has met with METPAC — a group of Toronto area Cabinet Ministers and MPs which includes Donald MacDonald, Mitchell Sharp, Robert Stanbury and Keith Davey — and presented our views on the film situation and its solutions.

The Council has also lent support to the Quebec filmmakers in a hearing in Quebec City; sent a letter to all 265 MPs supporting the proposed Time/Readers Digest legislation; protested CBC National News' refusal to mention the Best Director Award of the Cannes Film Festival going to Michel Brault for **Les Ordres** (shared with Costa-Gravas). Organization members of the CCFM have been involved in negotiations on the British Co-production agreement.

The Council appeared at the June 10 Hearing of the CRTC on Pay T.V. to support its brief on public ownership as the only acceptable basis for the entry of Pay T.V. into the Canadian market. Because of the potential impact of Pay T.V. on the film industry, these hearings were very important to our future.

In the past, CCFM has been Executive oriented with too little involvement of the general membership. In our present situation it is going to be necessary, not only politically but also practically, to broaden the base of our activity and to have many more people working with the Executive. Think about your own involvement. If you support what we're doing, join CCFM and then join in on working in the continually multiplying areas of the Council's involvement.

Individual membership fees remain \$10 annually. Cheques, accompanied by your name and address and work area, may be mailed to the above address. This year, that \$10 gets you seminars and a newsletter, as well as battle reports from the front — and a chance to affect what they say.



3309 Havenwood Drive
Mississauga, Ontario L4W 2M2

CSC Annual General Meeting

Picture a balmy May morning; clear skies, with the temperature approaching 70 degrees (sorry, 20 degrees). Cameramen pray for just such a day about 365 times a year. And here were 35 of Canada's foremost cinematographers gathered at the Bellevue Pathé studio in downtown Toronto to discuss—BUSINESS. The occasion was the annual general meeting of the Canadian Society of Cinematographers. The very group that founded this magazine years ago.

It was the end of the fiscal year—a year of considerable activity and change for the CSC. Notably the Society had embarked on a new training program, initiated a series of new awards, and designed a logo to replace the old one. It had welcome new members, new district chapters, and been seriously involved in lobbying and film policymaking with the CCFM and CFDC.

One major activity of the meeting was the election of an executive, and here there were no changes; all executive members stood for another year, and all were returned.

President: Harry Makin CSC; **Vice President:** Ken Gregg CSC; **Treasurer:** Roy Tash CSC; **Secretary:** Walter Wicks CSC; **Membership:** Robert Bocking CSC; **Education:** George Balogh CSC; **Public Relations:** James Mercer.

Although feature film production in Canada has decreased over the past three years, the CSC has managed to strengthen and expand its membership—now totalling 175. The Montreal and Winnipeg chapters have been reactivated since communication and funding has improved, and a new chapter, formed in St. John's Newfoundland, makes the CSC probably the first Canadian film organization to have a branch there. The aim is to eventually have an active chapter in every major Canadian centre.

It has been expressed by some members that the CSC should be wary of granting full membership too freely for fear of reducing its significance (only full members are entitled to use the CSC title). It was decided that a working cinematographer should belong to the Society for a minimum of two years to be eligible for full membership, al-

though this would be longer in most cases. To encourage members to remain active in the Society after they retire they need now pay only 25% of their respective dues. Life members still pay no dues.

Last year saw the first female cinematographer ever to be awarded CSC membership. Carol Betts is a Toronto camerawoman with an impressive list of achievements.

A commendable venture of the Society was a training course for assistant cameramen, held in Toronto during February and March. Members volunteered as instructors and Cinequip, Film House, and Cinevision provided equipment and space. The need for such a course was indicated by the 85 people who registered on the first night. It was considered a successful undertaking and will be offered next winter, although enrolment may be limited to 15 with a fee of \$25.00.

The annual craft awards which were introduced jointly by the CSC/CFE last year will be continued this year, even though the Canadian Film Awards have been resurrected. A reorganization is underway to ensure a better program for this year's presentation.

Canadian cinematographers, like film workers generally in this country, appreciate the crisis within their industry. Active participation within specific organizations like the CSC (and collectively within the CCFM) is of immediate importance if the industry is to survive and prosper. Without this collective strength the film industry is in danger of collapse and the film artist, like the whooping crane, may become an endangered species.

—Don McEachern



Box 46, Terminal A Toronto, Ontario
M5W 1G5

To All Editors, Cameramen, Film Producers and Directors

The Canadian Film Editors Guild annual awards presentation has become a social event not to be missed. Many Canadian companies are now involved by sponsoring awards in the various categories. These have been increased to eight this year and reorganized to include all types of films.

The categories are: Films produced primarily for theatres — over 20 mi-

minutes. Dramatic films produced primarily for television — over 20 minutes. Sales/Promotional — over 3 minutes. Sales/Promotional — under 3 minutes. Documentary/Educational — over 20 minutes. Documentary/Educational — under 20 minutes. Short subjects — 20 minutes or less. Sound editing.

Anyone may nominate a film (for outstanding editing).

To qualify for entry a film must have been completed between November 1st 1974 and September 30th 1975. The film's editor must be a CFE guild member.

The final date for entries is September 30th 1975.

Films must be sent (prepaid) to *Havelock Gradidge (Awards), Haverand Productions Ltd., 3 Charles Street West, Toronto, Ontario. M4Y 1R4.* Please enclose return instructions.

The Guild will pay return shipping charges on all entries.

There will be an entry fee of \$5.00 per film to the CFE (Awards).

The procedure for judging: A pre-selection committee for each category, made up of a Chairman and four CFE members, will screen the films in their category and select the best for screening by the eight finalist judges, (names will be announced later).

Seminar 75

July 18-31, 1975

At Ryerson Polytechnical Institute

SEMINAR 75 is a film editing seminar to teach both documentary and drama editing techniques in a workshop setting. It is the third seminar to be sponsored by the CFEG.

It consists of 17 three-hour sessions on evenings and weekends for a period of 13 days. 51 hours of editing practice with films, interesting speakers and tours of labs, optical houses, and sound mixing theatres.

SEMINAR 75 will provide rushes and sound transfers of either a scripted drama sequence or a free-form documentary sequence (your choice) which will be edited by you in fully-equipped cutting rooms under the watchful eye of professional editors. At the end of the seminar there will be an opportunity to screen the completed films.

REGISTRATION is limited to 25 to allow maximum communication with the teaching editors. The fee is \$35.00 and includes ownership of the finished film.

SEMINAR 75 is going to be fun, educational, informative, interesting and entertaining. But you must hurry — applications are on a first-come first-served basis.

.....
Send your name, address and phone number together with a cheque for \$35.00 (payable to Canadian Film Editors Guild) to:

T.J. SCHOON, c/o JAYA FILM PRODUCTIONS LTD., 57 ST. NICHOLAS STREET, TORONTO M4Y 1W6

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE:

I AM INTERESTED IN DRAMA ...
DOCUMENTARY ...
HURRY! NO TIME TO LOSE!
REGISTRATION IS LIMITED TO 25

PROPOSAL: Upgrading of qualifications required for FULL MEMBER of the CANADIAN FILM EDITORS GUILD.

The existing requirements for becoming a FULL MEMBER are: Recognized Film and Sound Editors with at least five years professional Film Editing experience in a full time capacity. Associate members may qualify for Full membership prior to completing five years experience, providing that they are able to satisfy the Credentials Committee of their suitability for Full membership.

It is now **PROPOSED** and open to discussion, suggestions and alternate viewpoints that the requirements be as follows:

For each year that an Associate member has functioned in the position of a full time Editor, points would be allotted.

For screen time, accredited to an Associate member points would be allotted.

Films would be screened for the Credentials Committee, and each member of the Committee could allot points for each film screened. The judgment would be confined to the Editing of the film only.

To attain upgrading from Associate to Full Member it would be necessary to achieve a total of points from the three areas.

REMEMBER — THIS IS A PROPOSAL — YOUR COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS ETC. ARE VERY MUCH SOUGHT AFTER, PREFERABLY IN WRITING — TO: ERIC WRATE cfe, Chairman — Credentials Committee, Canadian Film Editors Guild, P.O. Box 46, Station A, Toronto, Ontario. M5W 1A2.

KIT HOOD cfe



Suite 815, 22 Front Street West,
Toronto, Ontario
(416) 364-0122

ON THE PRODUCTION SCENE

—CHRIS DALTON, MARTYN BURKE, JOHN ECKERT, BARBARA LAFFEY and MIKE ZENON are in pre-production on a CFDC Special Investment Programme for Magnum Productions of Toronto.—“Far Shore” is gearing for a July shoot to complete production started last summer. Joyce Wieland directing; GARY FLANAGAN will be handling the first A.D. post. Balance of crew still t.b.a.—LES KIMBER and DON GRANBERY working Universal shoot in Calgary. BOB ALTMAN hoping to go into feature production, also in the Calgary area, in August. Definite dates still to be finalized.—PETER CARTER, PETER PEARSON, DON WILDER, BRIAN WALKER, MARILYN STONEHOUSE, MIKE DOUGLAS, TONY LUCIBELLO, DON BUCHSBAUM, BILL CORCORAN, APRIL GRIECO, CHARLES BRAIVE, et al, working CBC shoots.—GERRY ARBEID and TED HOLLIDAY have been hard at work prepping “Goldenrod”; however, the start date is still tentative.—RAY ARSENAULT, BOB SCHULZ, DOUG COWAN, ANDREW HENDERSON, BILL IRISH, JACK GOODFORD, GARY LEAROYD, GEORGE MARGELLOS, et al, involved in commercial shoots.—A number of projects are in the planning stages for projected shoots this year; however, details are still to be finalized.

The Canadian Film Development Corporation has now issued its guidelines for its new Script Development Programme. Copies of the guidelines and application forms are available from the CFDC and Guild offices.

Following publication last issue of the rates for the P.M., A.D. and Trainee categories in Feature Films, Commercials, and Television Drama, a number of queries have been received re the Industrial/Documentary rate. These rates are as follows:

INDUSTRIAL/DOCUMENTARY

Unit Production Manager: \$425 weekly (5 day); \$95 daily.

1st Assistant Director: \$380 weekly (5 day); \$85 daily.

Trainee A.D.: \$100 weekly (5 day); \$35 daily.

All rates plus 5% vacation pay.

GRAHAM PARKER has now been confirmed as Chairman of the Guild's Constitution and By-Laws Committee; JOHN TRENT will represent the Guild on the CFDC Advisory Committee; DON WILDER on the Council of Canadian Filmmakers, and AL SIMMONDS on the Canadian Film Awards.

More later.



67 Portland St. (King & Spadina)
Toronto, Ontario
(416)366-3005

Ribbon Cutting Ceremony

On June 6th, the Toronto Film Co-op celebrated the grand opening of our new home. The (film) ribbon was cut by Ron Evans, and this ceremony was followed by merriment and music and film screenings and celebrations spreading out into Victoria Park.

Of human interest note: it was a mere one and one-half years ago the Co-op was sharing one room in Rochdale with Cinema Canada and the Distribution Centre. Several moves later, we have our own home and are looking to a bright future.

We'll be spending the summer organizing seminars, screenings, and workshops in preparation for the September season.

The new 'quarterly' membership policy took effect as of June 1st. The membership ceiling will be 300 — as it now stands, there are over 600 members — and many overdue. We are cleaning house, so the first 300 people (either new members or presently overdue members) will be taken. So — interested people should act immediately!

ROUGH CUT

by Robert Rouveroy C.S.C.

At the last annual meeting of the C.S.C. some members expressed the concern that readers might construe my monthly ramblings on the state of Canadian filmmakers as the official viewpoint of that institution. Rest assured, dear members, I swear before the Great Gaffer in the Sky that all my thoughts are my own and are offered as such. As a matter of fact, I haven't been able to discern said official viewpoint and I have no hope in hell of ever finding it, as it is well known that cameramen are very contrary people who couldn't agree on the time of day (unless it was payday).

The cameraman vacillates between two axioms:

1. I am the best cameraman in the world. JAMES WONG HOWE A.S.C. would do himself a favour to sit at my feet and learn.

2. I am a shit who knows ef all about shooting. One day they'll find out and I'll be back driving that cab.

Somewhere in between he practices his calling and hopes they'll never glom to it. He goes to movies, watches TV and steals ideas from other cameramen who really are in the same boat. He is (relatively) human and so swims in the mainstream of opinion on the alluded qualities of Academy Award winning colleagues.

Leader

It is with anguish that I break this syndrome and wager myself on the slippery road of criticism. It so happened that I went to be entertained at the cost of 3 1/2 bucks at the University theatre on Bloor Street. **Murder On The Orient Express** was done twice before and well indeed. The merits on acting and direction are rightfully in the realm of CLYDE GILMOUR and others, I will take their word for it that all awards were deserved. It is possible that Mr. Gilmour is present at a special screening for the press only and therefore is seeing a perfect pristine print handled with editor's gloves by a Prime Cut Projectionist with 40 years' experience and I.A.T.S.E. seniority, treaded on a gold-plated machine with an M.I.T. trained technologist at the soundcontrols in a two-foot thick plush screening room. And don't think this is a joke. This happens in Hollywood.

But I'd like to see his reaction on that average afternoon a few weeks ago in that movie den. About a minute run-in and run-out of every reel was heavily scratched. A full one third of the film had either water or oil marks right through the middle. Parts were projected out of focus with badly adjusted carbons or mall-adjusted Xenon arc, whatever it was. Shutterghost was so remarkable that I thought I had popcorn butter on my glasses. Only I don't eat popcorn. The side flutter was only curable with 222's and some Valium. The sound was for a considerable part unintelligible.

Hold it right there. At first I was tempted to blame the theatre, after all, in this day and age you'd only accept a brilliant soundtrack, what with the state-of-the-art-electronics we now have. But please, do you remember the mumble-mumble in the **Godfather**? What was going on here?

So let's look at the picture. This one was touted to be one of the five best photographed of the 1974-75 season. The ASC says so. GEOFFREY UNSWORTH BSC is indeed a hell of a fine DP and has done some mind-blowing things in the past. So how did he get his name on an epic that looks like it was shot through a bottle?

Titles

I'm sure it is not his fault. I can hear the following dialogue:

Dir: Hey man, let's do something different, dig? You seen that flick, uh, uh, whatzit, something with that stud GABLE, you know, something like WIND, uh, uh, like GONE IN THE WIND or something, like? —

GU: That's GONE WITH THE WIND, sir? —

Dir: Yeah, yeah, never mind, but that thirties look, see. —

GU: When did you see that, sir? —

Dir: Never you mind, but it was a gas, see, nice an' soft, a little grain, an' sort of out-of-focus, colours faded you know, bit greenish on the faces. You know. Real artsy-fartsy those guys in those days. Don't seem to get the same effects these days, you know? —

GU: But sir, that picture was shot on technicolour. Sure the colours are faded by now, but I saw the film years ago and it looked sharp to me, pretty good col-

our too, considering. —

Dir: Don't argue boy. I know what I saw and I know what I like. That there picture was nice and flat, soft and grainy, real 1930 shooting, you know. —

GU: But sir, we're shooting with Panavision now, and 5247, and . . . —

Dir: No shit? Too difficult for you, boy? —

GU: But, sir . . . —

Dir: An' by the way, let's save some bread. Never mind the 85 gels on the windows. —

GU: But . . . —

Dir: Save on a gaffer too. Nice documentary flare in the lens. Maybe some vaseline. I always wanted to use vaseline for something. Or butter. You seen what Marlon did with it in that TANGO film. Oh boy. But that's too expensive to use on a broad. Use it on the lens, you dummy. Or maybe we all could put our finger prints on the lens. A breakthrough, boy, never been done before. Mark my words. A Winner. Stay wid me boy, I'll get you to Hollywood.

GU: But, sir, I am in Hollywood, and furthermore. . . .

Dir: By the way, let's get that s.o.b. soundman out of the way. Who needs him anyway. 'Member Marlon in the GODFATHER? Nice mumble he had, really got the schlemiels on the edge of the seats to hear him. That's Art my boy, capital A, Art. Wish I'd thought of it first. Never mind, tell that motherlover soundman to keep distance, y'hear? Always holding up production. Wish we had the silent days again. Serves them right.

GU: But, but, sir, what about color-temperature and . . . —

Dir: Temperature, schlempture, don't bother me boy. Those train windows are green, right? So we get green on the faces. So what? Realism, boy, get with it! Whatsamatter with you? Art, boy, Art. Think big. But shoot small. I got a real train to shoot in. Saves on studio time.

GU: But what about true perspective? The lens sees much less than the eye, we have to be able to back off to get that perspective. . . . —

Dir: You annoy me boy! Just throw some documentary style shots, you

know, low angle on the wheels etcetera, etcetera, like YUL would say, like a modern FLAHERTY. Don't you know? Jazz it up a little, baby! Use natural lights, anything. Don't put too much light on the keisters, specially when the windows are in the shots. So the windowlight goes whoosh, so much the better, saves us from putting detail outside. Saves on travelling mattes too! You know what those summabitches so-called experts ask nowadays for doing mattes?

GU: No sir, but if we don't use them we'll only get silhouettes in front of the windows and another thing . . . —

Dir: Now Mr. Unsworth. Are you with us or not? There is this paragraph in your contract that states plainly . . . —

GU: Yes sir. As you wish, sir. Sir. —

Fade In

I wasn't there with a radio mike, naturally, but if these were the approximate circumstances, GEOFFREY UNSWORTH, BSC did a bang-up job, considering.

I'm sort of queasy about remarking on the filmquality of colleagues. After all, only critics by profession can safely do that without making a total ass of themselves. So I brought up the subject of this particular film to the attention of other cameramen in this here town, and they sort of agree with me, off the record naturally. This is quite understandable, because all cameramen can take any amount of criticism on their own work, so long as it is unqualified praise. My proclivity in sticking my neck out will therefore be most probably rewarded with having it chopped off. The hell with it. I did not enjoy the movie because I was painfully aware of the zig-zagging camera work and of the printquality associated with the Tuktoyaktuk Society of Cinematographers.

To restate the observation: a movie has only achieved its objective, if the viewer is totally unaware of the presence of the camera, and is absorbed in the amalgam of all the talents involved.

Maybe that is why some of the 1930 movies on late-night TV are so often superior to the blockbusters of today.

Crosscut

And of course, the projectionist standards have to be there to be part of that amalgam. The standards in that Bloor Street dive were so atrocious that a later-in-the-week visit to CINECITY for the film **Hearts and Minds** came as a revelation. Here was a film, shot mostly or all on 16mm, blown up impeccably to 35mm, projected with tender loving care. Photographed by RICHARD

PEARCE (I saw his credit also on **Marjoe**) it was documentary shooting at its very best. The sound, recorded as usual under very trying circumstances, was virtually flawless. And this observation brings me to the main course of this month's menu.

Background Track

Most cameramen I know have little interest in the problems their soundman faces from day to day. Firstly because of a total lack of knowledge of the most basic electronic circuits, including those involved in the running of their cameras, secondly because deep in their hearts the cameraman is absolutely convinced that sound is still a latecomer, more bother than it is worth. It is seldom seen that a cameraman takes the trouble to light around the mike shadows, especially in the documentary trade. It is much easier to force the soundman to back off and pick up with a directional mike. The generally low esteem that soundmen are held in is shown in the lack of a magazine solely interested in their problems, or an organization like the A.S.C., B.S.C., or C.S.C.

With the advent of light, portable sound equipment, like the NAGRA and the STELLAVOX, and the new directional mikes and other goodies, the authority of the soundman on the set has deteriorated to a new low. The time when sound was king, was in the 30's and 40's. That was the time, at least in the beginning, when the cameraman was locked into a hot box, camera and all, to ensure quiet on the set. The track was recorded on a separate 35mm film, quite costly, and the carbon microphones, never more than three feet from the actor's mouth were hidden in vases, decolleté's, hats, and other strange places. The mixer pots, wirewound, cradled and spat, the soundman was often nearly electrocuted. He had to be built like a Sherman tank to shove around his gear. He was absolute king, and often a dictator. But even now, a film like **THE MUMMY**, from 1932, an early Karloff epic (sound was 3 years old) can stand up very well against the crap that goes for sound in **THE GODFATHER** and others. While clearly lacking in highs, it had perfectly natural sound and a great degree of intelligibility.

Track A

When I was a newsreel cameraman in the early fifties we had to go out with a three-ton truck to do a newsclip. The soundgear, built in the truck, tipped the scales at 1 1/2 tons. I kid you not. A generator supplied the power for both the camera and soundcamera. Looked just like a camera, but without a lens.

Sync was maintained with selsyn or mother-slave motors and took about 50 feet to get on speed. It was just like the way video is done now. The cameraman, two assistants, clapper-loader and reporter-director at the scene, or on top of the truck, a motherson heavy Mitchell or Wall camera, the soundman and his assistant laying out thumb-thick cables, absolutely huge RCA ribbon mikes and often even an early carbon mike, and the driver kept an eye on the generator and the beer. If you see some of those early newsreels it's a gods wonder we ever got something on the screen.

While my soundman in those times had to have a full electrician's background, I was often asked to lend a hand with the numerous problems. I was a radio amateur (PK4BR) in those days, and quite handy with the soldering iron, and between us two we kept the down time very low. Down time was when the stuff packed up again. "Normal" down time was 40%. We kept it down to 10%. The Big Brother of the company got interested and for a couple of years I was put in charge of the Sound Services at PERSARI Studios Indonesia. And I developed a great respect for the soundman that has kept me aware of their problems to this day. I was able to make several improvements on sound recording equipment, like a noise reduction limiter used on the Gaumont-Kalee optical recorder. Up to three years ago I saw such a recorder still in use at PATHÉ BELLEVUE. Wonder if they still can get parts?

I was stupid enough not to get a patent on a sound advance recorder I developed at the CBC in Edmonton. But that is another story.

When **RANGER** made the tape-recorder compatible with sync sound film recording, the status of the soundman went down rather quickly. I got back into film pronto and have been there ever since. The early tape recorders were still in the 50 to 100 lb range, and ran on 30 in./sec., but the ability to quickly check the quality of the track diminished the soundman's status. Don't forget that before that time it was as much a gamble to get a soundtrack as it was to get a picture, i.e. you had to wait until it was developed and printed. In some cases the salary of the soundman was equal to and in special cases, more than the cameraman. This changed practically overnight.

Track B

The real breakthrough came with the NAGRA III. The few portable taperecorders before that were cumbersome affairs, like the E.M.I. that had a clockwork. You had to wind it up, I believe, every four minutes. But in '57

the transistor made its appearance and shortly after that, the first NAGRA. Mr. Kudelski received an Academy Award for it.

It was well deserved indeed, but it is probably little known that ANTON KUDELSKI at first intended to make a portable recorder for missionaries to bring the Lord's message to the heathen. It ended up in Hollywood instead. The Lord moves in mysterious ways.

Better microphones were soon developed and the Electrovoice 642 stuck its long nose into Public affairs. RCA had a miscarriage with an organ pipe affair, the Sennheiser shaver got introduced and after that, within the last few years, it's a toss-up between AKG and Sennheiser, with the occasional Neuman around for the connoisseurs. Sony with its ECM 50 took the 1lb lavaliers of various makes from the neck of the interviewees and the radio-mikes lost their unreliability. STELLAVOX finally reduced the poundage to absurdity and now we're getting ready to receive a 4lb Nakamichi cassette recorder with 30-20,000 Hz response with Dolby thrown in for good measure. No doubt the radiomike will soon be reduced to a microdot carelessly hidden in the tache beauté of the heroine or the left nostril of the bad guy.

Track C

Now all this would lead you to believe that sound would be flawlessly recorded. Right?

Wrong.

All these advances have only attracted many fly-by-nights who are convinced in their peanut brains that really, in their NAGRA's and what have you, tiny Japanese or German gentlemen are madly running around doing their thing. If a cable develops a short, that's game over.

Truth is, that with the super-sophisticated choice of condenser microphones it becomes really harder to get good sound. When in the olden days you might have insensitive mikes and very little choice, locations got blanketed off and considerable time and talent was expended to keep the actor within the prescribed 3 or 4 feet. Multiple mike set-ups with elaborate pot turning kept the levels more or less constant. Result: clear sound with super intelligibility. Now, stick in a super cardioid in the general direction and get all the garbage too. Let the transfer person sift it all out with his filters, cut-off, kepex, or other goodies. Like, when a V.I.P. was recorded out in the garden, somewhere in Ottawa, the soundtrack was so overpowered with assorted traffic noises that the TV network saw cause to en-

force a New Rule: all interviewees now shall have neck mikes. Back to square one. Now one of these days a smart soundman will pack a suitcase of blankets to his next location.

Mix

It is sad, sometimes, to get assigned to a good story, with the right director, the generous budget, the congenial crew, to meet the eager look of incompetence on the face of the soundman. The queer thing is that the director usually doesn't give a damn about sound. Often the cameraman is too full of his own importance to give the soundman sufficient time to set up, and even denies him the right to alter the shooting conditions to improve ambience and quality. Look, for instance, at a recent CBC segment shot in the Far East. Lovely pictures, well thought out sequences, something any cameraman can be proud of. The sound was overwhelmingly muddy, uneven, cluttered, and managed to downgrade the total impression of the segment.

With our modern equipment this is inexcusable. The cameraman has at least the excuse that he won't know the outcome of his efforts until the film is back to homebase and developed. It is well known that we often suffer from a malady diagnosed as a mild case of the runs, until homebase grudgingly allows that we haven't effed it up totally. Only then do we have the courage to submit our wildly exaggerated swindle sheets.

The ability of the soundman to instantly check his oeuvre and the certainty that nobody really cares, allows him to blithely go his merry way collecting his ill-gotten gains. The fact that he is completely unspoiled by failure somehow enhances his work probabilities.

But then, our lives are often made sweet by contrast when working with an AVERY, or FRENCH, or SPENCETHOMAS, or McCARTHY or the many others who recognize good sound as a matter of course. Would they just multiply and ease our burdens.

Optical Track

It is my intention to, now and then, include little known shortcuts in sound-problems. Some of them are old tricks, but just as valid now as in times gone by. Like: make your own noise cancelling mike by mounting two identical dynamic omnidirectional mikes next to each other, wiring them out of phase with a modified Y-cord and having the reporter talk close to only one of them. You'll be able to get clean sound in a riot. Be the first one on your block. . . .

Break up unwanted soundreflections

in a rectangular room or hall with 4x8 sheets of foam plastic judiciously placed at the acoustical nodes easily found with your 815. You'll be surprised what you can do with 40 dollars' worth. Cure most cases of sibilance with offerings of chewing gum, the increased flow of saliva subdues it. Do not, damn it, get your tapes warm, like in a car on a summer day, it increases print-through. Do not wipe the recordinghead with your fingers, skinacid will quickly degrade your highs. When wiring a condenser microphone, do connect the shield to the recorder casing, do not connect it to the mike casing. That could cause RF problems. Want to hear more? Let me know.

Papered Sections

Abject apologies are offered to assuage the harm I might have done some of my readers. Inept reporting on my part has caused BRAUN of CANADA to cast the beady eye on me. A few issues back, I stated that BRAUN was sued by a disgruntled cameraman who did not agree with the trade policies concerning the importation of ARRIFLEX cameras and I stated also that he had won. This information was given to me by four highly respected cameramen. I neglected to question the disgruntlé (is that ok, Mother?), and later found out that it was completely erroneous.

The second matter that BRAUN was very unhappy with, was my reporting on the NAGRA-IS. However, the information I released was given to me by the NAGRA representative from Switzerland at the November SMPTE exhibition in TORONTO. As a matter of fact, HARRY NUTTALL was also present at that occasion. I reported that the IS had no pilotone and no phantom supply for condenser microphones.

Happens that on April 24, 1975 at the BRAUN exhibition, two months after I wrote that, the NAGRA-IS pops up, this time complete with pilotone, two speeds, and a selection of input modules to accept any microphone made. Of course it is now much more desirable for the filmmaker. But I reject the notion that I should foresee the future developments of existing equipment.

KODAK had no intrinsic beefs on my gripes last issue. Only that they are seriously considering buying the filmbase used by the French KODAK people for manufacturing 7242. By the way, I was officially admonished not to speak about 7242, if at all, but of KODAK EKTACHROME TYPE EF 7242. So there, I did.

A very serious apology indeed to GLEN LUDLOW, of Confederation College in Thunder Bay. The allegations I made came from a letter, sent by some CFTA

members, to Premier BILL DAVIS. I subsequently found out it was so much hogwash. I hear that GLEN got an undeserved bawling out. It teaches me to be doubly careful. I find that information seemingly coming from the horse's mouth often emanates from the other end.

Answer Print

Seems that MIKE LENTE C.S.C. got together with GERD KURZ to solve a problem that the ARRIFLEX people did not foresee with their 35BL. Seems that ARRI was not very interested in making a blimp for the 25-250mm zoom lens, and have at the moment no plans to design one. So now the afore mentioned gentlemen have a runaway success with the 35BL ZOOM BLIMP, entirely

ECLAIR or ARRI lately?) it will be more than welcome.

Credits

No letters of note this time. However, JOCK BRANDEIS, on location in Moncton for CUPE, seems to have had problems with the KODAK EKTA-CHROME TYPE EF 7242 gremlin. Proper applications of generous doses of nose grease on the gate of his Eclair permitted him to complete the assignment without a hitch. Maybe I should go into the business of supplying nose grease in half-ounce jars and become a millionaire? No kidding. The shooting slump dating from last fall has many cameramen trying all kinds of schemes and lying to their friendly neighbourhood bank manager. But it seems to be

show some signs of consistency are CBC, CTV, and ETV, and of course the Unions, be it IATSE, NABET, CUPE.

The CBC has 3 designations for cameramen, class A, B and C. I'm talking about staff cameramen now, not free-lancers.

The classifications are roughly: News cameramen, Documentary cameramen, and Drama, or Production cameramen. Salaries are respectively: about \$13,000/yr, \$14,000/yr, and \$16,000/yr. This varies of course with years of experience etc. That doesn't look like much, but there is a catch. The Union, CUPE in this instance, has signed a contract that clearly designates working hours and conditions. While the normal working week varies from 35 to 40 hrs, the cameraman often doubles his income with overtime, double time on weekends and other penalties. Let's say that the cameraman doubles his gross income. This does not mean doubling his working hours, which increase is more like 1-1/2 times. So for about 50 or 60 hrs a week, he's doing ok. Remember, he does not have to supply so much as a lens tissue.

Free-lancers are not singularly blessed. Their workday is 9 hours, *excluding* meal periods. That means that very seldom is overtime booked. No extra pay for weekends either. However, his payscale is accordingly higher and he will get rental fees for his gear. And here is an area of concern.

The difference on the daily rate between, say, 1967 and 1975, is about 23%. The rental fees are still approximately the same, while the cost of equipment has for the most part increased more than 100%. So the accepted way to make a fair buck is to take much more equipment to the assignment than needed, yea verily, to charge for nonexistent equipment not taken on the shoot. This of course has built in problems: assignments can be lucrative, depending on the particular outfit at the CBC one works for. It also may cause the problems of kick-backs, such as occurred in 1967. That situation got a bit out of hand, and was subsequently solved with a fair amount of shuffling and head-chopping.

A "normal" package consists of a blimped camera (usually Arri BL or Eclair), silent camera (a misnomer if you hear the asthmatic croakings of an Arri S, Beaulieu, Bolex, B&H or what have you), tripod, head, shoulderpod, lights etc. Some cameramen will charge separate for changing bags, lightmeters, extension cables, and a non-existent "back-up" camera. Anyway, in Toronto, the free-lance fee with CBC in the documentary group can vary bet-



manufactured in Toronto. Mike reports 5 sales and considerable interest from producers in Hollywood, Tokyo and London. A further refinement is a blimp for the 6 to one zoomlens and will be available in Mid-July. And plans are underway to make other zoom lens blimps. More information from MIKE LENTE FILMS Ltd., 79 Laurentide Drive, Toronto, M3A 3E2, (416) 445-2442.

GERD KURZ represents a line of BDB filters, made of optically flat plastic, at a considerable saving. They can be ordered through JACK FROST Ltd., 335 Horner Ave., Toronto. And he is also working on a 16mm camera with a very novel movement indeed. Wish I could tell you more right now, but my lips are sealed. If successful, it promises to be an inexpensive endeavor, and with the cost of replacement gear rapidly going out of sight (have you priced an

letting up slightly so again, I wish you a good shoot and no overdrafts.

Fine Cut

Thanks to whoever had the inclination to answer the questionnaire on wages. The response was not very great, about 5% of the cameramen in Canada. Yet a pattern can be seen, rather patchy in spots. I did expressly ask you-all not to include your name, but many felt so highly about the subject matter that they enclosed litanies of grief and allegations. Having a drawerfull of dynamite did not appeal to me, so I disposed of it all, using a genuine second-hand Watergate shredder.

Fees are highly divergent, as can be expected. Cameramen will sell themselves to anyone for any price, at any time, subject to the law of supply and demand. The only employers who

ween \$200 to \$400 a day, with deals going on like 5 days for 7, or 20 days for a month. Everything is negotiable. If you think I'm vague, you're right, but the information I have to base this on is pretty vague and ambiguous too. Let it suffice to say that the average gross income of a moderately successful cameraman is about \$30 to 35,000/year.

The replacement cost of all his gear would now be \$20,000. In 1967 this was about \$9,000. His insurance has climbed in the same time from \$150 to over \$900/yr. Never mind all the other expenses.

That same moderately successful cameraman was grossing about \$24,000/year in 1967.

Back to staff cameramen again. The last year I personally was staff at CBC Edmonton I was paid \$7,800/yr for a 50 hr week. Because of a clause in my contract pro-rating the weekly hours over a 13 week period, nobody ever had overtime. If there was some overtime, one would get time off. In the slack period. One of my colleagues at the same level now grosses with overtime around 22,000 bucks a year. He was smart and stayed there. Jeez, am I getting jealous!

The big change started in 1967, just after I left there. The IATSE union was ousted by CUPE in a referendum and promptly exerted the right amount of clout. The IATSE union in Toronto is part of the New York or Eastcoast local, no. 644. They supply the bulk of feature and commercial cameramen, and negotiated fees by contract are around the \$125/day mark. But here is a strange anomalie. The employers of

IA 644 cameramen usually do not want to pay that fee, because they fear that such low fees do not guarantee them the best cameramen. Therefore, daily fees might vary from around \$255/day to whatever gutzpah the cameraman has. Fees of over \$1,200/day are not uncommon, in the States. Rumor has one such fortunate man quibbling with the IRS over the proper taxes on a quarter of a million dollars in one year!

The NABET union set regular daily rates at \$100/day, but I am not familiar with many cameramen in that outfit. No questionnaires came in from that direction.

CTV is a considerably smaller outfit. Most of its brass came from the CBC and because they like the usually high standards at the CBC, they are prepared to pay close to the same fees. They do not have staff cameramen and everything is on contract. This year they are prepared to negotiate between \$27 and \$33,000/year for a cameraman with all equipment, and are aiming to settle for a 10% increase over last year. There is no overtime to quibble about and because of far fewer layers of authority between the cameraman and the top brass, they are reachable in matters of time off.

Where the greatest difference is found, is in their attitude on the matter of expenses. At the CBC, the regulations are quite explicit and voluminous. Out of town time at Edmonton was at one point calculated from the moment the wheels of the plane left the ground, till touchdown. It became a game to outwit the accountants with the swindlesheets. A \$3 discrepancy in my

hotel bill in 1966 nearly cost me my job and I still wonder at the colossal gall of a co-worker who regularly had his girlfriend accompany him around Europe as excess baggage. But that's another story. Let us remark that CTV has the utmost patience and understanding with their workers and probably has found that they have been rewarded with a greater deal of honesty. After all, there isn't any fun in it anymore if you are trusted. Furthermore, the brass at CTV, having worked at CBC, know every trick anyway.

ETV varies wildly across Canada, with OECA in Ontario paying the best. CBS, NBC and ABC have nearly identical contracts with IATSE 644 and their staff cameramen are generally one-third to one-half higher in gross annual income. Strangely enough, the gear package is rather less quality than the Canadian crews have, usually consisting of super-annuated Auricon configurations or the newer American made cameras. It is very seldom that one sees a BL or Eclair with those guys. And yet they are less expensive in the States than here. Makes you think, right?

Some of the questions were not answered, and a few jokers claimed to have made fortunes, with all kinds of outlandish schemes. Very funny. Yet sometimes I think of a pretty good cameraman who, in 1968 or thereabouts, quit his well-paying job at one of the networks, because he rather wanted to become a pig farmer. Never failed to be an amusing story.

With the prices of hog meat now, I wonder who got the last laugh. □

	Maritimes	Quebec	Ontario	Prairies	West Coast
Freelance w/package					
average day	\$150	200	275	180	200
gross/year	\$16,000	26,000	29,000	19,000	21,000
Staff					
news	\$10,000	13,000	14,000	12,000	14,000
documentary	insuff.data	17,000	18,000	17,000	17,000
drama	insuff.data	22,000	24,000	20,000	insuff.data
Commercial, Features	no data	30,000	33,000	no data	insuff.data
Camera rental					
BL, Eclair/day	\$60	75	90	no data	insuff.data
% Increase 1970-74	30%	32%	23%	35%	25%
Average days/year	250	200	175	no data	200
F/L,s.o.f./day	\$70	100	110	70	80
per diem	\$12.50	15	15-20	20-25	15
mileage	\$.12	.15	.15-.20	.10	.10

The SMPTE Conference & Equipment Exhibit

Century Plaza Hotel, Los Angeles

September 28-October 3, 1975

Come to the SMPTE Equipment Exhibit where you can see, touch, and ask questions about the newest in film-making equipment.

There's no better place to find the latest in film-making equipment than at the SMPTE Exhibit. Representatives from most major manufacturers and suppliers of professional equipment will be on hand to show you their equipment, let you handle it, and of course, answer all your questions. You'll find cameras, lenses, editing tables, splicers, sound recorders, tripods, lighting equipment, microphones, animation stands, projectors, and printers and processors. Everything that's needed to make movies. Everything. All under one roof. There'll also be lots of television equipment, from lightweight video cameras to videotape recorders. A nice thing about the exhibit is that it's absolutely free. Just fill out the coupon below and send it to us and we'll mail you your free pass.

Come to the SMPTE Conference Technical Sessions if you want to hear about the latest developments and innovations in motion pictures and television.

Every day for five days Conference week, the SMPTE holds technical sessions on new developments in motion-picture and television technology. There will be a wide range of subjects, with presentations touching on every corner of film and TV technology. A sampling of subjects to be considered is Film and Television Production, News Gathering for Television, Laboratory Practices, Television, Lighting, Sound Recording, Theater and Projection Practices, to mention a few. Each session begins with a short film of interest to film and television professionals.

"Mini-Conference" covering all Conference subjects will be among highlights of SMPTE meeting.

Two-evening sessions have been set aside as a "Mini-Conference" where all the subjects of the Conference as a whole will be discussed by leading professionals in the fields, like Sid Solow, John Frayne, and Ralph Wuerker. The "Mini-Conference" is for the benefit of students, technicians and beginning film-makers and television people who can benefit from general coverage of Conference subjects.

Partial List of Exhibitors (as of May 22, 1975)

Angenieux Corp. of America	F&B/Ceco Industries	Magna-Tech Electronic Co.
Arriflex Co. of America	Frezzolini Electronics Inc.	Metro/Kalvar, Inc.
Astrovision Div. of Continental	Frigidheat Industries	Mitchell Camera Co.
Camera Systems, Inc.	General Camera	Mole-Richardson Co.
Belden Communications	General Electric	Multi-Track Magnetics
Bell & Howell Co.	General Enterprises	Nagra Magnetic Recorders
Berkey Colortran Inc.	Alan Gordon Enterprises Inc.	O'Connor Engineering
Birns & Sawyer, Inc.	GTE Sylvania	Optical Radiation
Canon U.S.A.	Hazeltine	Paillard, Inc.
Capitol Magnetic Products	Hervic Corp.	Pako Corp.
Carter Equipment Co., Inc.	Hollogon Optical	Peterson Enterprises
Christy's Editorial Film Supply	Systems Corp.	Photo Research
Cinema Products Corp.	Hollywood Film Co.	Plastic Reel Corp.
Cinema Research —	Image Devices Inc.	PSC Technology Inc.
Research Products Inc.	Instrumentation Marketing	Quad-Eight
CMX Systems	Corp.	RCA
Datatron	International Video Corp.	Research Technology, Inc.
Dolby Laboratories Inc.	KEM Editing Systems, Inc.	Showchron America Corp.
Victor Duncan	LaVezzi Machine Works	Super 8 Sound, Inc.
Eastman Kodak Co.	L-W International	Technology Inc.
E-Cam Company	Magnasync/Moviola Corp.	Treise Engineering, Inc.

Added Attraction: A "Hands-on" Motion-Picture Equipment Demonstration at 20th Century Fox Studios.

A hands-on motion-picture equipment demonstration session in which noted cinematographers, lighting, and sound experts will show how movies are made, is set for the last day of the Conference, Friday, Oct. 3. The event, which is being planned and organized by the Professional Motion Picture Equipment Association (PMPEA), will give film-makers the chance to see and participate in a hands-on demonstration of the newest film-making equipment under actual production conditions on a real Hollywood soundstage. The session will be held on the soundstage of the 20th Century Fox Studios, which is directly behind the Century Plaza Hotel.

Jack Valenti will be guest speaker at the SMPTE Get-Together Luncheon.

MPAA President Jack Valenti will be the guest speaker at the SMPTE Get-Together Luncheon on Monday noon, Sept. 29. The luncheon will also feature the presentation of SMPTE annual awards which recognizes outstanding achievements to the motion-picture and television industries and service to the SMPTE. All member and nonmember weekly registrants and member and nonmember Monday registrants for the Conference will receive a free ticket to the luncheon, courtesy of Agfa-Gevaert.

For your free exhibit pass, further information on the Conference, and registration forms, mail the coupon today.

SMPTE Headquarters
P.O. Box 476, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583



- ☐ Send me a free pass to the SMPTE Equipment Exhibit.
- ☐ Send me information on the technical program, and registration forms.
- ☐ I won't be able to attend the Conference, but I'd like to read about it. Please put me on your list to receive a free report.

Name

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- ☐ While you're at it, send me information on the SMPTE and how to become a member.

cannes

Once again the Cannes Film Festival has come and gone. And this year, with over 500 films shown, and some fifty thousand people in attendance, Cannes must again be acclaimed the biggest film festival ever. A sort of mini-Olympics of the cinema—that is what Cannes has become, except that the event takes place *every* year. And Cannes does have its peculiarities, representing that strange mixture of what are often irreconcilables: on the one hand, culture and art; and on the other, business, economics, and industry; the two bridged by the word “entertainment”.

Because it is so huge, because it so dominates the film world, and because it attracts films and filmpeople from all around the globe into its ever widening upward spiral, the Cannes Festival goes on affording an unmatched opportunity for finding out where feature film is right now, and where it is heading. As such, Cannes has much to say to Canadians, not only about our own film industry and how it measures up to world standards, but also about the larger question of Canadian film viewing habits—what Canadians could be seeing, and what in fact we are permitted to see.

One of the facts immediately emerging this year from the two-week marathon at Cannes: there were no overwhelmingly great films, movies that one feels will go down as landmarks in film history. But that has been the case, by and large, for the last six years. Which is not to say that everything was bad; for this particular edition, though not challenging, nonetheless afforded its share of good, solid film moments.

Cannes makes another fact of film life painfully obvious. In spite of the extraordinary richness of film sources, and the amazing degree of film mastery now evidenced by so many countries, film viewing is subject to a tightly controlled, quasi-monopolistic marketing, with the big boys, the “majors”, determining, to a large extent, what can or cannot be seen in one country or another.

There are the state monopolies, of course, and the sad consequences associated with that phenomenon. Internationally speaking, for example, the Czech cinema, so brilliant only a decade ago, is now dead, many of its leading directors in exile, and another thirty blacklisted at home.

And the USSR? With a huge film industry capable, one would think, of almost anything, Russia stands out as the archetype of monolithic state control. This year, the Russians insisted on presenting Sergei Bondarchuk's **They Fought for Their Country**, a heroic poem commemorating those who fought against the Germans thirty years ago. Monumental is the word, with breath-taking scenery, matchless tank battles, and the cosmic lyricism that Bondarchuk displayed in **War and Peace**, but marred by a false Boy Scoutism, a super-patriotism that would elicit skepticism from even a Duke Wayne, and a heavy academicism that is totally predictable. It is the old story: the Russians, with their fondness for recalling a certain “history”, but refusing to tackle any of the problems inherent in their own society, or even to glimpse at another kind of “history”, say the Ukraine genocide under Stalin and others.

There is, however, another kind of control every bit as effective as state control. And that one concerns Canadians much more directly, for it determines what we see or do not see up there on our silver screens. That, of course, is the enormous power exercised by the “majors” (mostly Americans) in film distribution and exhibiting.

Cannes mirrors this year after year. For, year after year, the “Big Four” of the West—the U.S., Britain, France, and Italy—have a disproportionate quantity of films invited to the *official* competition. These films are not all bad by any means, but most of them have no business whatever in the official festival. They are simply well executed commercial products. But money talks; and so we saw—and Canadians will be afforded the privilege of seeing—John Schlesinger's disappointing **Day of the Locust**, a lavish, **Great Gatsby**-esque failure. Ditto for Ken Russell's **Tommy**,



“Day of the Locust”

another Russellian monument to bad taste, and another mind-boggling proof that Russell is brilliant, energetic, foolish, imaginative, chaotic—and still in search of a mind.

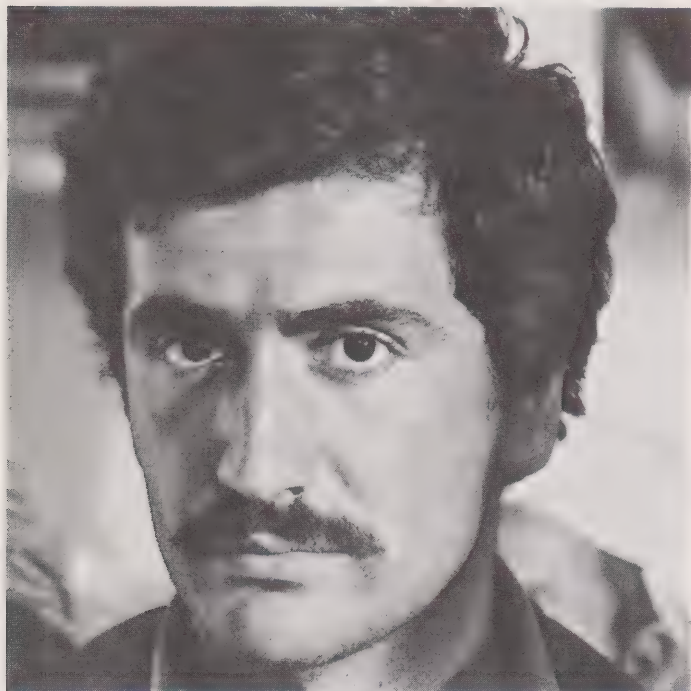
One could go on listing certain kinds of films that will get big international distribution, not because of quality, but because they are considered as box-office by those who control major production and distribution. And *this*, fellow Canadians, is the single most important factor determining what Canadians can see in their own cinemas.

One need but look at what is offered nowadays in Toronto and, above all, in Montreal. So few good films, desperately few “foreign” films (except in highly limited circumstances at our film conservatories and Universities, often years late,

or occasionally some tiny art house)—but heaps of cretinous trash, usually exploiting porno or violence, because these are so cheaply made and have a small but guaranteed audience that makes them commercially viable. The situation tends to be worse in smaller centres across the country.

The point: while our film viewing situation is deplorable, there are many films being made around the world that could transform our viewing wasteland into cultural richness. But how do you crack the vicious circle built on commercial dictates and pathetically limited (and ignorant) North American viewing habits?

And so, for one reason or another, most of the following films will, I fear, *not* be shown in Canada. Or if they do appear, it will be, at best, marginally.



"Chronicle"

This applies to this year's Cannes *grand prix* winner, an Algerian entry, Lakhdar Hanina's **Chronicle of the Years of Ashes**. It is nothing short of extraordinary that Algeria, a country with so short a film history, could produce an epic film of such proportions. And stunning, too, that a French festival could give its top award to a film extolling the Algerian struggle for independence against French colonial rule. Hanina loves John Ford; and though he cannot rival the old master's genius and complexity of vision, still he shares Ford's love of human beings and his enthusiasm for heroic effort. **Chronicle** witnesses to something else as well. Films coming from the "Third World" tend to be filled with hope and belief—in great contrast to most of those produced in the affluent West, singing their sad songs of confusion, sterility, cynicism, not to say of downright sadism, pornography, or nihilism. A lesson here? One wonders how long this aberrational situation must endure, and, even worse, how long we must go on accepting it as "normal".

Chronicle was far from the only "political" film shown at Cannes. The cinema with political overtones was indeed well represented. A superb Swiss film was the best of the lot, Rolf Lyssy's **Konfrontation**, which recounts the assassination, in 1936, of the leading Swiss Nazi by a Jewish student. In Theodore Angelopoulos' **The Voyage of the Comedians** the Greek cinema shows signs of a rebirth. And such films as Bull Tuhu's **Strike** (Norway), Robert Kramer's **Milestones** (USA), and Paolo and Vittorio Taviani's much admired **Allonsanfan** (Italy), although often too long, demonstrate that film can explore ideology and politics intelligently and artistically. Indeed, they represent film as a *vocation* of sorts.

Western Germany, let it be noted, may be on the verge of becoming a major feature film producer once again, after so many years of appalling mediocrity. Certainly, two of the darlings of the new German cinema scored impressively, the first, Rainer Werner Fassbinder with his rather kinky, narcissistic **The Survival of The Fittest**; and above all the second, Werner Herzog with **The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser**.



"Kaspar"

Herzog is that rare thing, a tough, ascetical, naive crusader in the world of cinema. His films are strange, haunted gropings in a harsh but beautiful world; and **Kaspar** won a major award in the official competition.

There were many other kinds of films that deserve to be shown around the world, but that probably won't. Australia is hopping ahead by leaps and bounds; and nowhere is this more in evidence than in Ken Hannan's **Sunday Too Far Away**, a marvelous, hugely entertaining study of sheep shearers on the Australian range. Mats Arehn's **Maria** (Sweden) shows Canada one of the directions our films might well take with its warmth, humanity, intelligence, and contemporary feel and, above all, modest budgeting.

At an artistically far more ambitious level, however, one needs to mention two of the world's film giants, Hungary's Miklós Jancsó and Poland's Andrzej Wajda. Jancsó has created yet another haunting aesthetic dream in **For Electra**:



"For Electra"

and Wajda has never been more baroque, terrifying, epic, and sardonic than in his huge **The Promised Land**. Another masterly director from Poland, Krzysztof Zanussi, presented what I feel is one of the most deeply human and moving films seen at Cannes, a contemporary urban incarnation of the "eternal triangle" called **Quarterly Report**. Ignored by American (and therefore Canadian) audiences, the Polish cinema continues to be one of the richest in the world.

And finally, a hopeful word about two delightful, but small and marginal American films. **Hester Street**, by Joan Micklin Silver, tells the story of a few Jewish immigrants in New York City at the turn of the century. Intelligent and humorous, this little film will surely make it to our screens. And so, one hopes, will a "documentary" about the American thirties, **Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?**, put together by Philippe Mora. A compilation of newsreel clips and excerpts from Warner films of the thirties, the film is dominated by Franklin D. Roosevelt and James Cagney; and it may well prove a huge success, riding on the coat-tails of **That's Entertainment** (for which, by the way, Metro is preparing **Part II**).

There were, then, many good films at Cannes. I am leaving unmentioned the vast number of others, of lesser quality—films which cater to the particular formulas demanded by the taste or fashion of a particular time or place. Nor have I bothered to describe any of the innumerable trash objects, always an important, malodorous part of film life. Over 500 films in all, as previously reported—and an enormous amount of buying and selling.

Where does Canada fit into the picture, from the *production* side, that is? Well, Cannes '75 was in some ways a repetition of Cannes '74 for Canadians, who once again rushed about this Mediterranean city with big smiles on their faces. Canadians had the largest number (next, of course, to the hosting French) of officially accredited people, 250 in all; the Canadian organization, Cinema Canada, was once again by far the best, the most efficient, the most gracious; and the Canadian receptions, too, were the largest. We certainly do try harder. And all in all, thirty Canadian features were shown on the market, a huge number, really, when one considers that the Americans had no more than sixty features in Cannes.

The biggest news of all: this year's Cannes sales seemed assured of topping last year's which had grossed eight (!) times more Canadian sales than those of any previous year at Cannes! So, Canadians had reason to be smiling, and the prodigious effort of Cinéma Canada, the investment of serious sums of money, and so on, seemed to be paying off. As one Australian told me, Canada has now become a sort of model for a country like Australia. One thing for sure: the label "Canadian" on a feature film is no longer a burden discouraging potential buyers. *Au contraire*.

The amazing aspect in all of this is the shift in popularity from French Canadian films to English Canadian. It is now the English Canadian films that are selling internationally. The formula of popular story, an American (or Hollywood Canadian) star or two, and relatively cheaper production costs, seems to be working, making of the English Canadian movie a marketable product—fine films such as **Duddy**

Scene from "Les Vautours" appearing in the Directors' Fortnight



Kravitz, which is still selling, and commercial ventures such as **Black Christmas**, **Christina**, and many others yet unseen in Canada.

On the Québécois scene, however, prospects are not nearly as bright. It now seems clear that there are two distinct types of Québécois films. One is strictly commercial, built on local humour à la Dominique Michel; and it simply does not sell outside of Quebec. The other, more socially involved, more artistically conscious (e.g. Michel Brault's **Les Ordres**, Denys Arcand's **Gina** are the most popular expressions of this tendency) finds at best a limited art house audience in Francophone countries.

So, with rising production costs, union problems, and the open conflict between the two camps (social involvement versus commercialization) in Quebec, where do Quebec features go from here? A crisis of sorts—and just possibly, Québécois films may be suffering from a kind of psychic cultural exhaustion: they don't have as much to say as they used to, or it's all been said before.

On the English side, too, we are at a cross-roads. Outside of last year's **Duddy Kravitz**, what English Canadian films can now match the finest work, say, of Allan King, Paul Almond, George Kaczender, Don Shebib, William Fruet? Is the vocation of the English Canadian cinema merely to cash in on whatever genre happens to be successful at the moment in the U.S.—once again creating Canadians as pale images of Americans? And are critics to remain mute, their role reduced to that of helping producers, distributors and exhibitors to make more money? Is that what Canadian filmmaking is all about? One could go on asking similar rhetorical questions.

Of course, the other possibility is more heartening. The new climate does indeed encourage the blossoming forth of greater skills and expanded resources, with more artists at work and a market that is growing. Surely out of all this films of serious artistic or social intent will emerge. One hopes so. But we are now at the stage where critics and the rest of us can make *demands*. The feature film infancy days in Canada are at an end. One can legitimately look for quality from now on.

Quality—surely a good note on which to end this report. This leads to some concluding remarks on four films shown at Cannes, films which are by no means their directors' finest works, but which nonetheless breathe a life of mastery that places them among the finest things seen there this spring. With these films, too, we are beyond the realms of commercialism or nationalisms of any kind.

It is as if these four veteran directors—Welles, Losey, Antonioni, and Bergman are all around sixty, give or take a few years—are now such masters of their craft, and take such a delight in their work, that their films flow effortlessly, becoming nothing less than a joy to watch. Each film is mysteriously something else as well, a meditation of sorts on life or on art, pursuing a dialogue with the world that each of the four directors started many years ago.

F for Fake. François Reichenbach begins a film, several years ago, on Clifford Irving's study of the masterful painter of fake masterpieces, Elmyr de Hory. But then Irving's fake biography of Howard Hughes is exposed, and so Reichenbach quits. Enter that prestidigitator/magician/faker extraordinaire, Orson Welles, backed by Iranian money. (Iran, by the way, has decided to pour some of its oil billions into film.) Welles transforms the film into a freeform conversation with the audience. What ensues is a novel kind of cinema, mature, great fun—and a wonderful document on Orson Welles, who reveals much 'neath the guise of wit and humour.

The Romantic English Woman. Joseph Losey, too, goes in for a lighter mood, transforming a traditional intrigue melodrama into an impeccable study of British upper middle class

mores. Michael Caine and Glenda Jackson have never been better than in this humourous, elegant, and intelligent movie which barely conceals Losey's perennial fascination with evil in an opulent world.

The Passenger. Michelangelo Antonioni adventures into the international thriller domain ruled by Graham Greene and Eric Ambler. Another sad meditation on death, this film is easier and less innovative than Antonioni's previous efforts, though it is still marked by Antonioni's trademark of splendid aesthetic austerity.



"The Passenger"

The Magic Flute. Ingmar Bergman finally brings Mozart's comic opera to the screen—the T.V. screen, that is, though it is also destined for the cinema (in *Scenes from a Marriage* fashion). A huge success in Scandinavia and in Cannes, this playful filming is really a prodigious performance by Bergman-the-magician, a transformation of opera into television as has never been done before. Never has Bergman shown more playfulness, joy, sheer fun—and once again he proves himself the master of *all* dramatic arts. Bergman, by the way, is now preparing another six-part television series starring once again Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson. This one, however, (titled *Face to Face*) promises to be totally different to *Scenes*.



"The Magic Flute"

A final final note. **Les Ordres** won a major award (best direction) for Michel Brault, the first time a Canadian film has won in Cannes. This is a fine recompense to Brault for his years of major contribution to Quebec cinema, and it is also symbolic of the universal success enjoyed by his film in Cannes.

The film in no way pretends to be an analysis of the October Crisis. It simply communicates Brault's dismay at the suspension of civil liberty, and his anger at police treatment of some of the prisoners, most of them innocent. As such, it was welcomed by all.

Brault's critique of the government, however, for all its indirectness, is clear and strong. And this is what amazed festival goers, particularly the French: that the Federal Government, through the CFDC, should put up half the money for a film that criticizes that same government so severely! The comment one kept hearing: *that is democracy in action, and you Canadians don't know how lucky you are. You should live under our system. . . .* So, all in all, and from every point of view, Cannes was indeed a success story for Canada. And on that happy note . . . ! □

cannes-ada

Len Klady

Cannes is two weeks in the sun, movies, glamour, bombs (plastique), and a lot of money not changing hands. It's being pushed and cheated without finesse and it's an annual event for thousands of people. As well, some two dozen films compete in an international film festival and countless hundreds of movies hope to make sales to foreign countries for hefty monetary returns.

Cinema Canada, the organization representing the Canadian presence at the festival, was one of the biggest, most highly visible, well-run operations. The chemistry of the event worked better than ever for the CC group. There were the "pouchettes" filled with material on our product, the daily screenings at the Vox Cinema and the periodic parties. An incredible amount of work was put in by the Cinema Canada staff and they deserve the greatest kudos this year.

The Marketplace

For the unfamiliar, the marketplace is where it happens at the festival. Some thirty films represented Canada in this area. The results on a dollars and cents (francs, lire, deutschmarks, et al) basis would indicate tremendous strides into the international markets. However, at this point, it's too soon to distinguish the talk from the commitments. A meeting with the agents for the Canadian films turned up the following facts and figures.

1) Anne Feinberg — representing **The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz**, **Black Christmas** and **Journey Into Fear**.

Black Christmas appears to get the nod for the Canadian sales champ award. The film appears to have been sold to 99% of the world markets. In the United States, it has been retitled **Silent Night**, **Evil Night** and will be released this summer by Warner Bros.

Duddy Kravitz, which has already played the majority of English-speaking markets, racked up sales to France, Denmark, Sweden and Italy. Ms. Feinberg credited the film's past box-office performance for the sales. These engagements helped establish the film as more than just an art house film.

Finally, **Journey Into Fear**, based on Eric Ambler's novel which had been previously filmed in 1942, the present film has been updated and involves intrigue and danger in Turkey centering on our hero's knowledge of oil and natural resources. Sam Waterston, Vincent Price, Shelley Winters and Donald Pleasence are among the top flight cast totally wasted in these foreign locales. Suspense, humor and plot play little part in this production. Sales only to the Far East and South and Latin America.

2) Cinépix — representing **Gina**, **The Parasite Murders**, **Pour le Meilleur et pour le Pire**, **La Pomme**, **la Queue et les Pepins**, and **Tout Feu, Tout Femme**.



Fred Deoderlein, David Cronenberg, Kathy Graham

Here, the best news was with **The Parasite Murders**, David Cronenberg's horror tale of creatures who invade the body and turn their victims into sexual zombies. This was one of the handful of fine horror films shown anywhere at the festival. The film gets full marks in all areas of its production. This can be attested to by the tremendous commercial and critical response the movie received. Sales and interest have come from Germany, Latin America, Belgium, Hong Kong, France, South America, Great Britain, the Far East, Spain and Portugal and no less than seven offers from the States. As well, six film festivals have already expressed interest in screening the film. Before a single play date, the production has not only brought back its cost but is making money! It is the fastest recouping movie in the history of Canadian cinema.

The remaining titles of the Cinépix line racked up only modest sales. The comedies sold in a couple of markets and both new films by Denys Arcand and Claude Jutra registered disappointing sales.

The Jutra film was a big disappointment. The story of the traumas of marriage is familiar and unexciting this time. However, Arcand's **Gina** was a powerful, complex study and has received many festival enquiries. The multi-leveled plot and its implications will be covered properly in an upcoming review. (See Issue No. 19 as well.—Ed.)

Neither of the latter films secured a French sale. André Link of Cinépix attributed this to the relatively unsuccessful runs of recent Québec films in Paris. When a Québec film does badly in Paris it becomes difficult to sell other films to that market.

3) David Perlmutter — representing **Sunday in the Country**, **It Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time**, **Sudden Fury** and **Monkeys in the Attic**.

Perlmutter first noted that the attitude toward our films has changed. It is no longer an embarrassment to represent a Canadian film and one is not required to apologize for them.

He had high hopes for even further gains in the future.

He was quite successful with two low-budget films: **Monkeys in the Attic** was sold to both France and Germany and **Sudden Fury** did an incredible amount of business internationally. **Sudden Fury** pits an innocent traveller against a maniacal man in the midst of his refusal to seek aid for his mortally injured wife. The pace is initially very slow and after some tedium the Southern Ontario milieu finally begins to work. The film continues to a chilling climax. Sales were credited to the Far East, Mid East, South America, South Africa, Germany, Austria and Great Britain — an incredible feat for a low-budget film which has resulted in Perlmutter's company, Quadrant Films, to recently develop a proposed two picture low-budget deal with the CFDC.

Sunday in the Country, which sold well last year, made a few more sales. Their newest film, **It Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time**, is a comedy starring Anthony Newley. Although no classic, the film was as good and better than many American comedies at the festival. As a result, it was reported sold in most territories in the world.

4) National Film Board — with **Cold Journey** and **Why Rock the Boat?** was reported a dead loss and Martin Defalco's long-awaited **Cold Journey** was only credited with a French sale. **Cold Journey**, the story of an Indian boy alienated from both White and Red society, is a marvellous document. Carefully observed, well executed and intelligent — it is an important film but not really viable in a commercial sense.

Action, Robin Spry's documentary on the October Crisis, was not at Cannes. However, **Les Ordres** was in official competition and it managed sales in France, Portugal, Spain and Holland. In addition, many festivals have requested the film and the Festivals Office has reported that the two films will play as a double-bill in several places.

5) ACPAV — Association coopérative des productions audio-visuelles — is an independent co-operative of filmmakers based in Montréal.

For their representative, Cannes was primarily a learning experience, to explore alternative distribution methods for non-commercial films. They received nibbles and hope to secure sales later, but it was felt that they understood the international market better that Cannes was a marvellous opportunity to tell other Canadians about ACPAV.

6) **Les Vautours** — there seemed to be quite a mixup with this film, which represented Canada in the Directors' Fortnight. Their French agent had no press material and was really ill-prepared to sell this movie.

7) Les Films Mutuelle — representing **Les Aventures d'une Jeune Veuve**, **Alien Thunder** in French, **Child Under a Leaf** in French and **Les Ordres**.

The comedy **Les Aventures d'une Jeune Veuve** didn't make any sales. Pierre David of Mutuelle wasn't very surprised that this locally marketed film didn't have world appeal. His French-track versions of **Child Under a Leaf** and **Alien Thunder** both picked up French sales.

David is currently involved in a French-German-Italian-Canadian co-production called **Born For Hell**. Coproductions are high on David's priority list. Italians, he pointed out, were anxious to work in Canada and there was the possibility of three coproductions within the year.

The last film, **Les Ordres**, has sales or enquiries from Australia, Belgium, Denmark, France, the Far East, Britain, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Sweden, the Eastern Block and the United States. In addition, over two dozen requests have been made for film festival showings around the world.

8) Others.

Me, John Palmer's film, had many difficulties but nonetheless fully gave an insight into a Toronto sub-culture which was effective and devastating. Sales nibbles only.

Pedestrians, a short in competition, was plugged into the market and gained Australian, British and U.S. distribution. It should be understood that Cannes is not noted as a market for selling shorts, but the success with this one certainly opens the way for future world distribution of shorts.

Les Ordres

For the first time ever, Canada won a major award in the feature film category. Michel Brault's story of five people who find themselves in jail without any rights during the October Crisis of 1970 won him the Best Director Award.

Of particular note is the international reaction to the film. It was really well received. Most countries related on a very personal level to the sudden loss of an individual's freedom. However, many questions were raised which have put an incredible new perspective on the film and on Canadians.

The biggest obstacle to overcome is the movie's unspectacular nature. There was no murder, violence, or rebellion. It just didn't happen that way. The real horror was not physically scaring. Some foreign critics went so far as to imply that there was no reason to complain. Because the jails were palaces ("You mean they give you soup?") and because it was actually possible to reach the Minister of Justice's office — they felt that Canada was Mecca. But what finally convinced them were two things: first, they learned that the film was shot in an actual jail. The jail had 50 cells and only two prisoners. People wondered what happened to crime in Canada? They couldn't comprehend the prisons allowing a slam against the police to be done under official supervision. All this amazement turned into incredulousness when it was revealed that the Canadian government (CFDC) had put up 50% of the film's budget.

Now, there are no easy answers to the foreign queries. Perhaps it's merely a fluke. Michel Brault's opinion is that the government did not understand the subtleties of the film but I'm not certain this is the answer either. Perhaps the real answer is somewhere in between. 1970 seems a long time ago to many of us. There is the physical distance of the event. Secondly, the film is structured to effect us on a subconscious level — yet another form of distancing. As a result, I find myself relating not to an historical event but to a very personal morality. An event occurred which placed innocent and guilty in prison to expedite justice. Canadians allowed themselves to believe that law and speed were synonymous and we were wrong.

Epilogue

Cannes is perhaps the best opportunity to examine our industry, since all aspects of our industry receive attention. Some factions talk seriously about the commercial aspects and other factions are more interested in the artistic concepts and still others have different criteria of merit.

This year, it was English Canada which brought home the dollars and French Canada which swept up the majority of the accolades. On an artistic level, Québec cinema is recognized internationally for its vibrancy. There are films of significance that can be expected annually. There are names which have a reputation for creativity. But much of the feeling from Québec is that the boom is over. The potential filmmakers just aren't getting new opportunities and the old guard isn't performing at the box-offices.

In English Canada, the producer's sentiments appear to be that we're bringing money home from these "pot boilers" to make more movies. The sensibilities of men who make "schlock" may or may not be to balance their outlet with films of seemingly less commercial viability. If not, where will filmmakers who don't want to make thrillers get their opportunities? And as the flames roar in Cannes, you can see the birth of a new Canadian cinema. It appears to be a child with a tremendous potential, or was that another bomb? □



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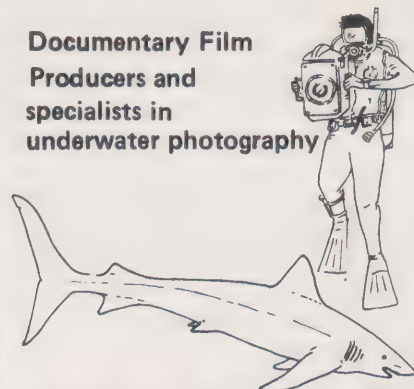
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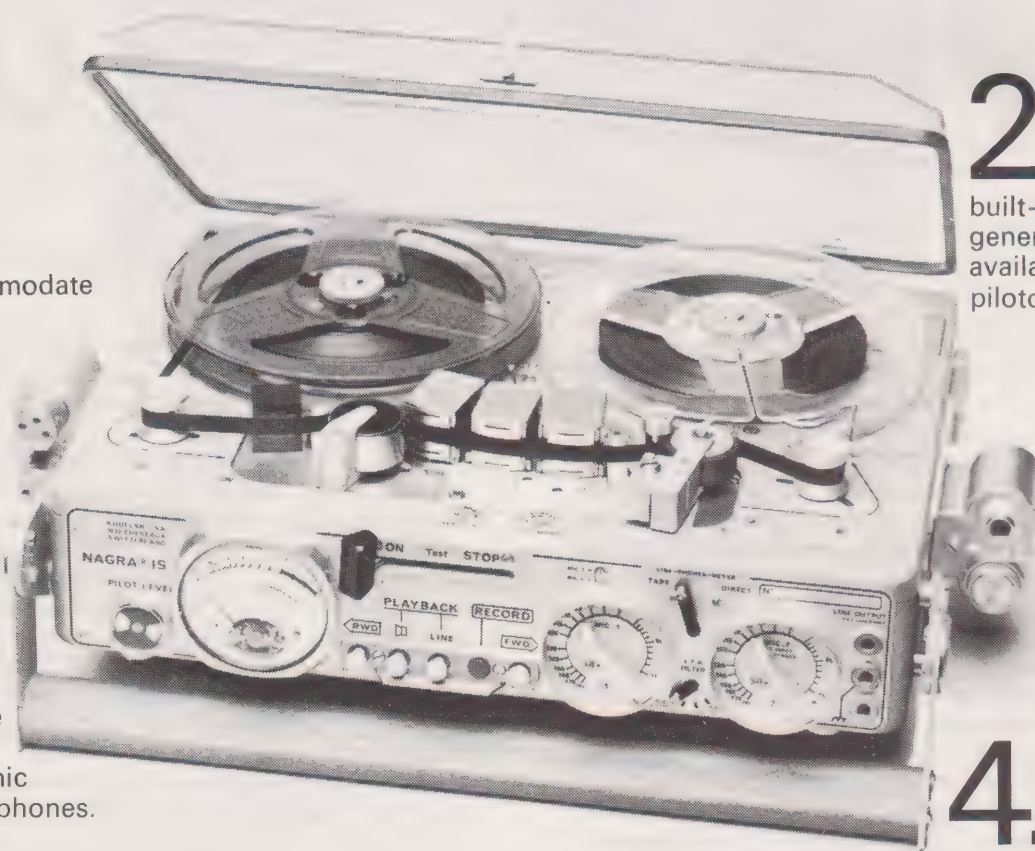
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cannes



crumbs

From "Chac"

Filmcrumbs from Cannes

This is the leftover article; the one about films or film areas not covered by either Len Klady or Marc Gervais, and tailored for voracious readers with eclectic taste.

A festival as huge as Cannes allows people to watch scores of movies in or out of competition and wind up with completely divergent views of what it was all about depending on the batch of films they happened to see. Most journalists end their two weeks with frantic searches for a Theme to make sense of this annual madness descending on paradisaical Cannes. So it goes. . . .

The most prevalent phenomena among critics consisted of complaining that there weren't any films worth seeing while spending hours discussing movies with plots like: Stud meets Nymphomaniac with trucksfull of Violence dumped between couplings. Such films are considered Meaningful Statements on Twentieth Century Western Society. Soon, they will replace the "No Smoking" signs with ones requesting audiences to deposit their hearts and minds outside theatres.

Lacking the peculiar insight necessary for appreciating such serious cinema, I nonetheless saw many fascinating, strange, beautiful and exciting films. Some of the most vibrant coming from the "Third World", which still reflects a human contact with life painfully lacking in many western films. From Brazil, *O Amuleto de Ogum* opens with three thugs attacking a blind singer who starts telling a story to save his life. The ballad follows a young man's exploits from the poverty of his village through a gang of hired killers, through becoming a folk-hero (for his immunity to bullets), through joining a spiritual community in Brazil's jungles, to returning to confront crime and corruption, through death, and finally

to resurrection! When the story ends, the thugs resume their brutal attack only to be successfully fought off by the blind troubadour who goes on his way singing, "Those who wish, may learn from my story . . .".

Reminiscent of Jamaica's excellent *The Harder They Come* in fast pacing and pulse, *Amuleto's* flavour is distinctly Brazilian. When asked whether his film was a popular success, the director replied, "Until recently, you still had to wear a black tie to go to the cinemas in Brazil — and this in a country where 90% of the population has no shoes!"

Another Latin American feature depicting the confrontation between native culture and Western pressures was Mexico's *No oyes ladrar a los perros?* (Don't you hear the dogs barking?) A Chamulas Indian is carrying his son through the mountain villages looking for a doctor to save the boy's life. To keep him conscious, the father teaches his son the basic truths handed down by the Mayans while the life the boy would have had as an Indian in a major city is intercut. Past and future tenses, fantasies, legends and delirium, traditional Indian life and the squalor in Mexico's major cities are all skilfully woven in this challenging film.

A deeper insight into Mayan traditions is presented in Rolando Klein's fictional feature, *Chac — A Prayer for Rain* (Chac being the Mayan god of rain). Klein lived in the Mayan village of Tenejapa for several months before bringing in his film crew, and all the roles are played by the Tzeltal Indians themselves. The result is a beautiful, fascinating film creating reality from within the Mayan's esoteric heritage. The themes of the story are universal, highly dramatic and so believable that I broke into tears during the climactic ending. There have been very favourable responses around the world

to **Chac**, and it has played in several festivals already, so there is a good chance that one of these days it will get to Canada. (Note of caution: some of the most wonderful films I saw in 1973 at Cannes have not yet made it to North America. For a detailed and slightly despairing look at why this happens, please refer to Gervais' article in this issue.)

This year, a new section was added to the festival — joining the Official Competition, Critics' Week, Directors' Fortnight and the overwhelming Marketplace was Les Yeux Fertiles for features combining other art forms with cinema. (For avid filmfreaks — novels, music, dance, painting, opera and poetry are also considered 'art').

The most terrifying in this series was Christopher Miles' **The Maids**, based on Jean Genet's play and part of the American Film Theatre's new season. Sussannah York and Glenda Jackson masterfully portray Genet's world — descending to the vilest regions of our humanness to rise to our highest and most beautiful aspects — pure metaphysics of the soul. Our dark sides were chillingly revealed with an intensity worthy of Genet, proving that cinema does not have to be labeled "entertaining" to be valuable.

One of two films focussing on dance was François Weyergan's **Je t'aime tu dances**. Internationally acclaimed choreographer Maurice Béjart was filmed while working out a pas de deux based on Tristan and Isolde with ballerina Rita Poelvoorde. The finished dance is never shown, since this is basically a love ode about artists at work. Three themes unfold during the course of the film — the film itself, the dance and the dancers' love for each other (pas de deux being the most intimate form of dance). Combined, they make **Je t'aime tu dances** a loving, inside look at the process of creation.

The other dance film was Russia's **Anna Karenina**, directed by Margarita Pilikhila and starring Maya Plisetskaya and the magnificent Bolshoi Ballet. The choreography was often so breathtakingly executed as to evoke spontaneous applause and the musical score brilliantly underlined this treatment of Tolstoi's epic of passion: A visual feast marred only by the low quality lenses causing most wide shots to seem fuzzy compared to the sharp close ups.

Described by Marguerite Duras as being about her obsession with a character and with death, **India Song** centred around a mysterious woman (played by Delphine Seyrig) who is slowly and systematically being poisoned by a nebulous force seeping into her being. The pacing is painfully slow until one lets the theme song and thick ambience envelop and embrace the senses to float in Duras' subtle, haunting and ambiguous realities. The overall effect is mesmerising, and disturbingly beautiful.

Delphine Seyrig (who I'm becoming a hopeless fan of) portrayed yet another fascinating woman in Liliane de Kermadec's **Aloïse**. The film is based on a woman who spent most of her life in an insane asylum after suffering a complete breakdown during the First World War. Aloïse subsequently became famous for her painting and poetry, and although she died in the late sixties, her work is still widely exhibited in Europe. The film explores both her character and artistry while playing around the hairline dividing sensitivity and insanity. The portrait includes studies of her painting, as well as her poetry — "Doctors discovered the virus of love. They put the blindfolded infant in a jar and the Greeks frowned to see their bottled-up Eros . . .".

Although previously mentioned (see Gervais' article), Joan Micklin Silver's **Hester Street** starring Carol Kane deserves another word of praise mainly because it's one of those lovely, unpretentiously human films everyone needs to see once in awhile. (Especially during marathon festivals . . .). Adapted from a turn-of-the-century novel and gently probing the difficulties so many immigrants encountered with culture shock, this film is not only relevant to Canadians, it will actually be shown here — at least at this year's Filmexpo in Ottawa. Isn't that wonderful?

In a completely different vein but sharing in gentle humour was **Take it like a Man, Ma'am** from Denmark. Among its notable achievements is a section which finally explains the intricacies of those "trivial" sexist slurs women have often complained about — this was done by keeping our societal structures and realities intact but switching the sexes around. Thus, women executives take male secretaries to nightclubs where men perform stripteases, men spend hours adjusting fake hairpieces on their chests, women go to work carrying attaché cases while men hurry home with shopping bags to make dinner. . . . It's hilarious, well done, and has been playing quite successfully in Copenhagen — a Box Office Hit, no less — all of which should result in **Take it Like a Man, Ma'am** getting picked up by the North American market fairly soon.

(Have you noticed that the last five features were all directed by women? Nobody at the Festival did, either. These films weren't treated as Movies by Women Directors — just as movies. . . . Sigh. . . . Isn't that the way it should be?)

While on this wonderful subject (which shall remain nameless) another observation: my favourite post-women's-liberation-bonus is that women have regained their quality of mystery in films and have become far more interesting and believable than in their bad old days not so long ago. . . .

Which brings up an interesting bistro-discussion — it's getting high time for men to explore their own roles (and thus to change them). We've all become familiar with the quiet desperation of women — trapped in loveless marriages, alienated from their children, isolated in the ever-settling dust of dead dreams cluttering up sterile lives — but what about their husbands? Isn't it time to look at life as most men live it — becoming paycheques by age 30, supporting wives and children they neither love nor know through jobs they detest but are afraid to leave, surrounded by acquaintances who rarely become friends? So much has changed for women since we looked at our lives and decided to start changing the rules. The pain of self-discovery not only produces fine cinema but is offset by new horizons. How about it, guys?

Jumpcut: Being Canadian, I naturally side with the underdog, and since there are far more women than Canadians (except at Cannes) here are some equally foot-in-mouth observations about our species:

It was a great year for us — everyone was riding high! Journalists were OD-ing on films, businessmen were dancing down the dollars, directors were glowing in limelight, and "Cinema Canada" parties were the Best. Add to that Michel Brault's triumph of winning the Best Director Award and you can begin to comprehend Canadian jubilation levels at Cannes.

But being Canadian also means being cautious when everyone else is screaming Yay Team. . . . Both Klady and Gervais voice the seeping fears of many of us — with Québécois films experiencing major artistic and economic crises and Canadians doing well on genre and gringo-style products — where is our own cinema emerging? And how?

Favourite Possibility for Survival: we have to start developing each other's countries for our films. That means everything from reversing the propaganda in our schools and mass media to immediately and automatically subtitling or dubbing ALL CFDC-financed films to ensuring quotas and levies in every province to seriously starting to believe that we have something to say to ourselves and to each other.

Movie addicts in Cannes can't save our cinema. If Québécois won't watch indigenous Canadian films and Canadians won't watch indigenous Québécois films — who will?

And on that unusually cautious (for me) note, please note that there are only 302 days left until next year's Cannes Film Festival.

—A. Ibrányi-Kiss

SIMON FRASER F

At the Simon Fraser University Film Workshop near Vancouver in British Columbia, one learns filmmaking by making films.

The Film Workshop is non-academic. There are no lectures, no grades, no side-tracking of creative energy to the task of pleasing a professor.

"What the Workshop does," says Workshop graduate Peter Bryant, whose documentary film *Noohalk* was chosen best film at the Canadian Student Film Festival in 1970, "is get people involved who are really interested in making films. No courses, nothing. That's all they want to do."

Shelah Reljic, now a producer at the Vancouver National Film Board office, conducted the first Simon Fraser Film Workshop from 1967 to 1969. Instead of film lectures, Reljic scheduled regular campus screenings of new Workshop productions. "The kids had to face their own audience," says Reljic. "And the audience cheered, booed, and whatever. And from the idea of having made the most beautiful film in the world they finally realised reality and time and space and distance—and that there were an awful lot of things to be improved."

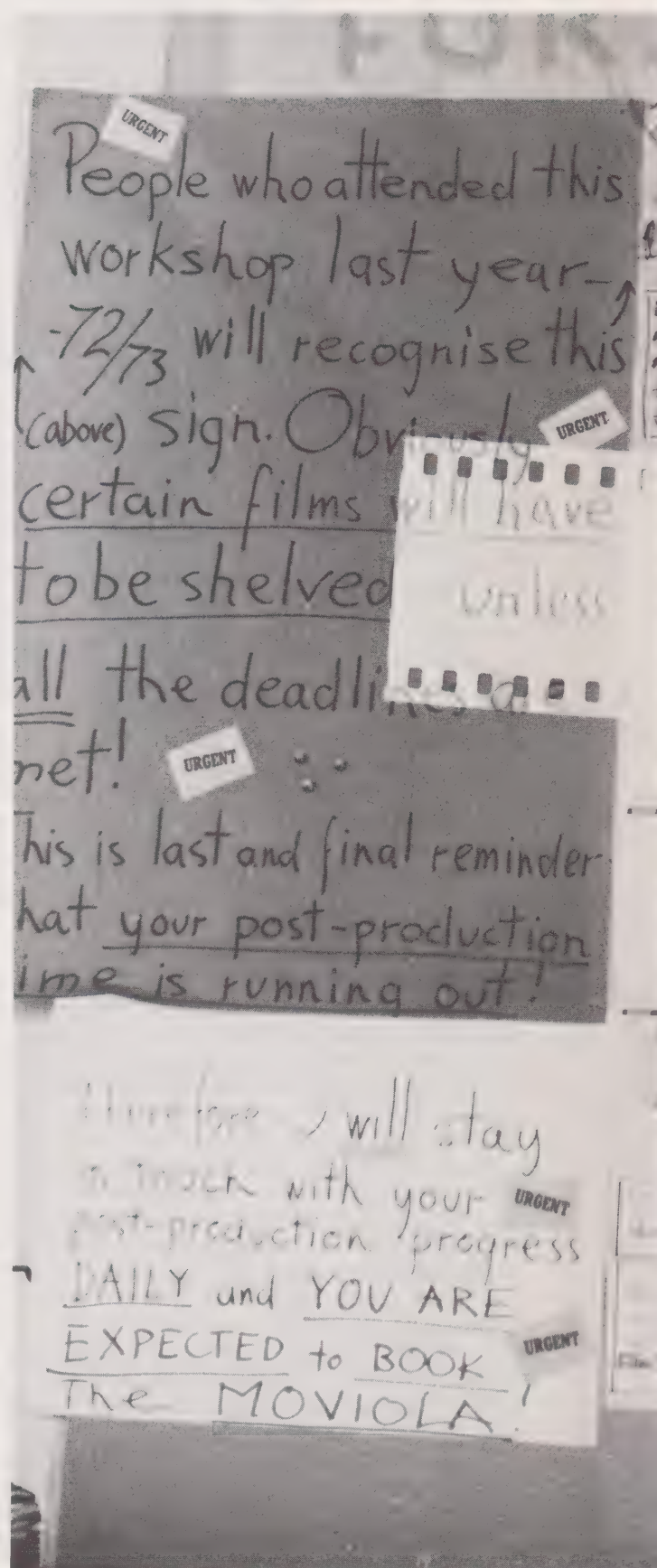
Graduates of the Workshops have worked on CBC, NFB, CFDC and Canada Council films, as well as on commercials and independent productions.

Along with Bryant, Reljic's Workshop included, among others, Tony Westman, George Johnson, Bryan Small, Doug White, Sandy Wilson, Pat Corbett, Zale Dalen, Linda Johnson, Mark Dolgoy, Manuel Busquets, and J. Andrew De Lilio Rymza.

When Shelah Reljic came to Simon Fraser it was her first exposure to university life. Says Reljic of her initial reaction. "I couldn't believe these kids were going out in the world not knowing how to share, not understanding people, and not having something to do." It has often been remarked that film-making is a group activity: a particular feature of the Film Workshop from the start was the sharing of skills and knowledge when students made their films. Years after they leave the Workshop, graduates continue to "work together." Professional Tony Westman, a graduate of Reljic's Workshop who now has extensive experience on NFB documentaries and on CFDC theatricals (including Bryant's first feature attempt, *The Supreme Kid*) remarks that working together is particularly important in his professional work. In contrast to the academic atmosphere of "every man for himself", the Workshop promoted an attitude of working together toward common goals.

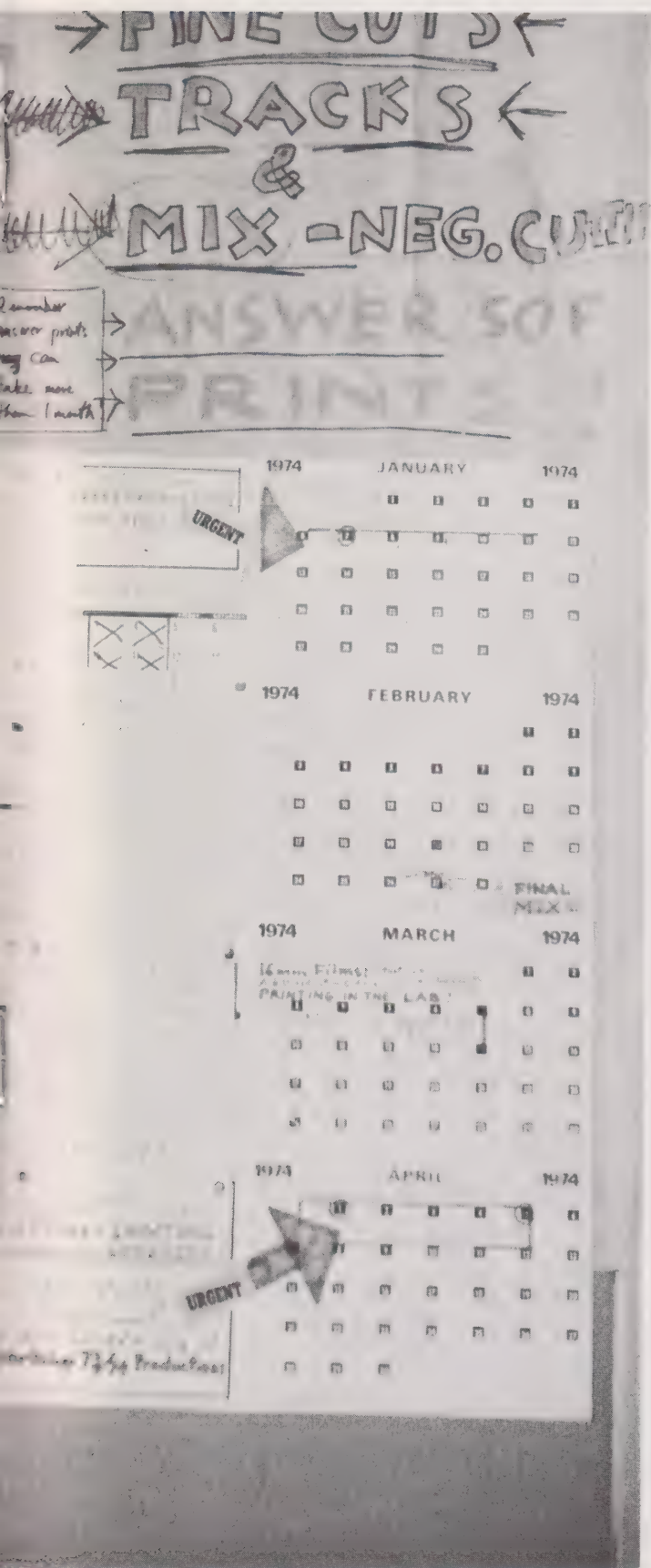
"The crew that has any sense of ego ... if there's any one person on the crew who thinks he's better or sharper than anybody else on the crew, he's in trouble," says Westman, "because in a situation like that you're in this mess together, and you have to open yourself to asking the other person for help. I've worked in enough tense situations and very easy situations to know the kind of critical sensitive points that break down a film. And I realize that if everybody is willing to communicate, and not afraid of their poor little aesthetic, that's the way you get films made."

Westman also remarks that the Workshop or any film study program is a good start, but that the training never stops. "To have spent a year or four years or twenty years



FILM WORKSHOP

Jaen Pill



in the school playing games with movies is one thing," says Westman. "But to get out there in the field, with very rapid-action situations where you don't make mistakes, is a different ball game, and it takes years to understand exactly what that ballgame is, and to get one's reflexes refined to the point of knowing that when you're half a stop out, you know it. You don't measure it, you just know it."

George Johnson, a professional free-lance editor whose initial experience came with cutting Peter Bryant's two half hour films in Reljic's Workshop adopts a characteristically non-analytical approach to his work. If you ask him if he does a lot of parallel cutting and cross cutting, he'll tell you he doesn't know what the terms mean in words: he just does them. This goes back to the attitude Reljic had in teaching film at the Workshop. Reljic herself had apprenticed for many years with Hollywood editor Homer Powell, who now lives in Vancouver. "Shelah really depended a lot on people learning for themselves," says Johnson. "The whole editing approach was sort of make it up as you go along and see what works and what doesn't work. Because you can't tell anybody what works and doesn't work, especially an editor. I guess in everything else too. You have to do it a few times and see under what occasions something will work and when it just doesn't work at all. You just do it on your own and find out. It was that kind of experience."

Bryant, who now teaches a production course at UBC, notes that his students are as capable as students everywhere, but for them production is one of four or five other courses. At the Workshop, as he notes, film production was all that one did. Similarly Diane Edmondson, who worked with Stan Fox both at SFU and York, remarks that she was struck by the fact that at York, students had to take many kinds of "background" subjects; once again, the energy that comes to production is in this way inevitably diluted.

SFU Workshop schedule 1973-74

Ron Orieux and Tony Westman



Stan Fox of the CBC in Vancouver was the next film professional to conduct the Workshop. Fox, whose students when he taught film at UBC included Richard Leiterman and David Rimmer, describes the Workshop approach as "one of the results of the educational experimentation which was going on in the mid-Sixties, where it was felt that universities should change their whole approach radically, and have centers and places that don't involve the usual academic ritual of having courses and credits and grades and diplomas."

"Unfortunately it is not possible," says Fox, "for the model to be accepted within the university structure as readily as the academic model."

Sandy Wilson's remarkable career with the National Film Board began in Fox's Workshop when she made **Penticton Profile** with the backing of the NFB Challenge for Change program. Her first short had been made in Reljic's Workshop. Mike Collier, another Workshop member of that time, is now customer service manager at Alpha Cine in Vancouver. Another Workshop regular was Brent Straughan, whose multi-screen **Enfilony** premieres this summer in Hamilton Place, Ontario, with the backing of a live symphony orchestra.

A unique aspect of Fox's Workshop was the parallel emphasis on video and film. Judith Eglington was active in both areas, as was Diane Edmondson.

The next film resident after Fox (who is now associate chairman of the Film Program at York) was the late Luke Bennett, a film editor from New York. A major Workshop project during his residency was a successful film on architecture for the B.C. Association of Architects. Participants included Ron Orieux, Zale Dalen, Rick Patton, Joanna

Moss, and Lee Dombrowski.

Essentially the same group subsequently made the NFB documentary **Seven Steps to Freedom** on a prison self-help group, produced independently of the Workshop in 1972, as well as the NFB's **Bye Bye Blues**, in 1973. Both films were directed by Joanna Moss.

Eugene Boyko of the NFB remarks that an outstanding characteristic of the Workshop is the opportunity to go out and make mistakes.

"In an academic course," remarks Boyko, "you're getting marks, rather than doing and experimenting. When you're going for marks you're playing it safe a lot of times but when you're getting both your feet into it as you do at SFU, you make a lot of mistakes but hopefully you won't repeat them."

Ron Orieux, another Vancouver professional cameraman, with extensive experience with NFB and industrial documentary films, who studied with Luke Bennett in the Film Workshop and who recently set up Edgewater Productions in Vancouver with Workshop alumnus Doug White, remarks in the same context on what he learned at the workshop conducted some time back by Richard Leiterman at the Banff School of Fine arts.

"There was an advantage to the conference," says Orieux, "just to get a sense of Richard Leiterman. It was a delightful experience of the intuitive nature of that man, you know, which cuts through all the intellectual bullshit about film-making, which makes for a point that a person can't become a film-maker just by taking a good four-year course in film-making. That's not a prerequisite; it's not a *Production still from "After the Dance" directed by George Johnson*



guarantee; it's nothing except a strong input to a person who has the potential to work in the medium."

Rick Patton, who had studied film in a work-study program at Antioch College in Ohio, found in Bennett's workshop his first ever opportunity to work with a "teacher who was a professional." Like Ron Orioux, a part of his experience is with NFB documentaries, as an assistant cameraman.

Patton remarks, as does Orioux, that the opportunity to work on documentary films is an educational experience which cannot be imagined if one attempts, as occurs in most cases in university education, to approach the same subject through reading about it.

"That's something I would certainly recommend film students to think about," says Patton. "Because it's probably easy to get discouraged as a film student. There are so many obstacles, it's so expensive to get experience. But the fact is that there is this definite spiritual payoff, in terms of expanding your horizons. In terms of human experiencing. You know, it has its cynical aspects. You can get cynical about it, but you don't necessarily have to. You can just be there and enjoy meeting people and relate however you have to."

Luke Bennett was followed, in 1972, by Vincent Vaitiekunas, a Lithuanian-born Canadian director and editor who has made over 200 films.

Among the students in Vaitiekunas' Workshop who have continued as filmmakers are, among others, Michael Chechik, Chris Windsor, C.R. Wrench, Georges Payrastre, Tim Sale, Lawrence Keane, Harlan Dorfman, Fred Easton, Rick Amaro, Danice MacLeod, Ron Precious, Bob Kearney, Mario Barendregt, Bob Ellis, Mary Anne McEwen, Marilyn Kinsky, Richard Barazzuol, and Peg Campbell.

Eugene Boyko, a veteran Film Board cameraman, recalls the films of Vaitiekunas' first Workshop: "It was a revelation," says Boyko. "It was the best I'd seen in college produced films. I had a reluctance against college films for a long time because I always found that the kind of people that were attracted to it were generally those who couldn't communicate. But here was a school that was here in Vancouver and it seemed to work."

It might be interesting to consider the two Film Workshop group films which, during Vaitiekunas' two-year residency, brought to SFU the McLaren Award for best film at the Canadian Student Film Festival for two years running.

Chris Aikenhead, director of the 1973 Festival award winner **Ivory Founts**, came to the Workshop with the experience of having worked in a variety of capacities on several 16mm films during two years at the first high school in Ontario to have an accredited course in film-making. (The high school was in London, Ontario, and the course started by Frank Boas, who had taken a summer course in film at UCLA.) In addition, Aikenhead had participated for two summers in a high school film program instituted by the Ontario Arts Council.

During the first half of Vaitiekunas' first eight month program at SFU, Aikenhead tried unsuccessfully to come up with a script for a film. Finally, the viewing of a film made in a previous Workshop triggered the idea of a satire on student films and student film-makers.

During the Christmas break in December 1972, Aikenhead returned to Ontario, and while there, put together the basic script for **Ivory Founts**. It was, says Aikenhead, "kind of a parody of that previous Workshop film I'd seen, and of this guy making the film, which I guess just evolved out of my own incapacity to come up with a *real* script. I'd tried for three years in high school to come up with something original and I never had, so I knew pretty well what it was like not to be able to make a film."

The film was made quickly, being shot in January of 1973 and edited by March of 1973 in time for the annual April showings of the Vaitiekunas Workshop.

From the beginning Aikenhead felt the film did not deserve the acclaim it had achieved. He did not return to the Workshop the next year but travelled instead to Europe, and then returned to SFU to continue his study of English literature. "I wanted to drop out of that whole scene," remarks Aikenhead, "and retreat and get my bearings again, or I'd start actually being like the director in the film."

Since then, Aikenhead prefers not to be classified as a film-maker. In the meantime, his pursuit of English literature may be just the thing to enable him to be an excellent film-maker, if he ever decides to return. That is so, at any rate, if one takes the perspective of Mark Slade, of the Vancouver NFB office, who observes that, "What would good for film-makers would be to find some area of interest, and really explore it in depth. It might be some aspect of technology. It might be some area of anthropology. It might be poetry or music. It could be wine-making. Some area in which they would be very exciting and would find a complete kind of structure operating."

Chris Windsor, director of the 1974 McLaren Award winner **Trapper Dan**, another Workshop group project, got the idea for the film while working as a projectionist at a "sleazy downtown theatre" in Vancouver. He wrote down the ideas for the film on backs of envelopes and stuck them on his door and then one day wrote a rough draft.

Danice MacLeod shooting "Rawstock"



Like Aikenhead's script, the reading of the script to the Workshop was enthusiastically received. Once again, the film was shot and edited in time for the April 1974 showings of the Vaitiekunas Workshop. In both cases, it was a first 16mm film for each. Windsor had worked on previous Workshop films, including **Ivory Founts**, where he acted the part of the student editor. He'd concluded that the important thing in every previous Workshop film he'd seen was the quality of the script.

Of his own script, Windsor remarks, "It was basically a solid script. I read it to people in the Workshop and they all liked it. So it meant you could throw in all these other things on top of it, as you got new ideas. You could put them in, because you had something to fall back on. And if you don't have that, then it's very hard."

Danice MacLeod's script for **Rawstock**, her first 16mm film grew out of the experience of an academic course in production at UBC which consisted of lectures on how a film turns from "rawstock" into the finished film.

"I was taking this terribly serious academic course at UBC" says MacLeod. "Introduction to Film and Television Production." And it was *so* terrible. It was all

academic terminology. And we'd have exams every once in a while where we'd get questions where you'd have to have taken notes in class. All this stuff which was completely irrelevant because you didn't know what you were talking about. It was all memorization of all these terms, you know. You don't learn by looking in a book. You learn by doing it."

One advantage of academic lectures is that it allows the mind to wander very freely. On one particular daydream in class three years ago, MacLeod imagined filming a live-action metaphor of all human and physical processes involved in the journey of "rawstock" to the finished film. Three years later, with the help of many film Workshops and two film residents, but mainly thanks to her own determination, "Mr. Rawstock"'s epic march across "The Playing Field of Life" is finally ready for screening. MacLeod is now working on a multi-media "Canadiana" spectacular introducing "Aurora Laughter," "Moose Jaw Mouth Wash," and "Husky Thermal Heating Units" as a unique addition to the development of Canadian culture.

In the same vein but through different means, C.R. Wrench has pursued an original concept to satisfying filmic conclusions in his first Workshop film, *Sequences*, which involved the transfer of a beam-starved, feedback-transformed series of exquisite movements of dancer Zella Wolowsky from a series of Video monitors to 16mm film with a 30 frames per second Arriflex (to avoid the roll bar), which he then proceeded to extend in time using an optical printer he had built in the Workshop from a bench moviola and a Bolex.

In the context of the Workshop's practical approach to film-making, Ron Precious' story fits in particularly well. Now a professional film-maker in Vancouver, Precious came to Simon Fraser Workshop after travelling to northern British Columbia via York University Film Department, on an NFB - National Museum of Man archeology film project.

Originally an elementary school teacher in Toronto, Precious had taken a filmmaking workshop for teachers conducted by Julius Kohanyi. After teaching successful workshops for his English students for two years, (his students chose scripts among themselves and made them into Super-8 films), Precious decided he'd rather make films himself than be a producer. He therefore went to York, looking for film work in Toronto during the summers. He wasn't successful until the third year of his course when, with Stan Fox' help, he got on the archeology crew in the summer of 1972 as a cameraman. In the fall of that year, he dropped out of York because his visits over previous summers to production companies convinced him that a degree would make no difference in finding work as a filmmaker. He arrived in time at SFU for Vaitiekunas' Workshop, which he found to be an ideal culmination for his training at York, where production as a concentrated activity does not begin until the fourth year.

Both Aikenhead and Windsor had the good fortune to have as a lead in their films the versatile actor, editor and raconteur Harlan Dorfman. Dorfman, who, like Zale Dalen of Highlight Productions in Vancouver, had at an earlier stage of life planned to be a short story writer, was introduced to the SFU Workshop while sitting one day at the Cecil Hotel Tavern in Vancouver, not long after arriving in Canada from Berkeley. He happened to be complaining about the future of the short story writer in an age of decreasing readership to his friend Dennis Hoffert. Hoffert, who has been in several Workshops over the years, suggested he get into films up at Simon Fraser.

Actress Valerie Ambrose also starred in both McLaren Award films. She was 'discovered' by Mary Anne McEwen, a commercial writer who made *The Garden of Eden* in Vaitiekunas' first Workshop.



Chris Windsor

Vaitiekunas inculcated a sense of professionalism among his students, including MacLeod. He taught them to respect the tools of filmmaking.

"I perhaps usually give a false impression to people," says Vaitiekunas of his attitude toward the machinery of film production. "I hate the machines. I hate moviolas. I hate cameras. They get in the way. I have to bow down to them in order to make a film. But I know also I have to be a prudent and smart guy, and to understand that I cannot wishfully think that the bad machine, malfunctioning camera, will go away or take pity on me. Those bloody machines have no brains; they're totally uncompromising. And I'm at the mercy of them. If I don't handle them properly my most glorious ideas will look like a pile of shit on the screen. Unexposed, badly composed. My sound will be garbled. If my editing machines are wrong, I lose the sync and everything else compounds throughout the production. At the end, that great vision will look pretty lousy. And what will happen? Everyone will laugh at me.

"I learned that through bad experience and bad mistakes. And I remember those mistakes, indelibly. Unforgettable mistakes. I thought that since I've had a lot of problems, because nobody ever told me and I made bloomers, what I could do is short circuit. I could close the gap quicker. But, of course, you know people don't understand that. They think that I'm impossibly technologically oriented. I'm not.

"I believe very strongly," says Vaitiekunas, "that in order to be free in manipulating your medium, you have to be familiar with the tools that you work with. The whole filmmaking is a series of minute little judgements that go on like bullets. And they come from left and right field. You catch them in mid-air, grab them, exercise your judgement, and you proceed further. You have to do it quickly; the quicker you do it the more spontaneous and fresh the effect will be in the long run. But you cannot have that when you're solely occupied with how to make the bloody equipment work."

The film on V.D. (entitled *It Takes Two*) which a group of Film Workshop students made in the summer of 1974, after Vaitiekunas left for York, carried within its structure the lessons which the group had learned in making their own

films in the Workshop. The film, sponsored by the B.C. Department of Health, was shown nationally on CBC in March. It well fulfills its function, which is to reach an audience of high school students. It was directed by Michael Chechik, who this summer is coordinating the filming of the Greenpeace "Save the Whale" project in the Pacific Ocean.

The V.D. film works because the viewer has no chance to be bored. "That's exactly why," says Chris Windsor, winner of the McLaren Award in 1974 for **Trapper Dan**. "It just changes. The image keeps changing. It goes from live action to animation back to live action. A voice-over giving information. It has a historical section which is still photographs. And then there's a montage of editing. You know there's only 15 minutes. You're trying to follow it and you're getting entertained at the same time."

Each of the two award-winning group projects, **Trapper Dan** and **Ivory Founts**, likewise had solid scripts which were filmed and cut in a relatively limited amount of time. Vaitiekunas sees this as a clue to their success. "I think," says Vaitiekunas, "that spontaneity, not a belabored kind of approach, is the one that people want to see."

The high energy and intensity in Vaitiekunas' Workshop derived, among other things from the resident's belief that a film is not finished until it has been shown to an audience.

"It's a long path," says Vaitiekunas, "during the short period of time that the Workshop provides to put through a student. Naturally what has happened in both years was that I had to push quite heavily and a lot of people complained. I don't know how many individual people complained. I don't know how many individual people do admit that they used to get these threatening phone calls. And I would put my foot down, because I knew that unless I did that, unless they take care of that particular stage of production now, that person will never have that film finished, and so it would be kind of a terrible loss because he will never have the opportunity of putting his work to test: Exposing it to the audience."

As an aid to students during post production, Vaitiekunas mounted a huge schedule on a stand under a spotlight in the middle of the darkened Workshop. It was not unusual to see students working sixteen hours a day on their films eight weeks before the screenings.



C.R. Wrench with his optical printer

Guy Bergeron, the Montreal producer who is the current Workshop resident has decided, meanwhile, that scripting should be separate from production in the Workshop, and is devoting the summer to a Scriptwriting, rather than a production, Workshop. "Basically it will be a kind of summer-long brainstorming on as many projects as there are people," says Bergeron. "The first couple of meetings will be essentially people coming up with their idea and selling this idea to the other people in the Workshop."

Vaitiekunas, now a visiting associate professor at the York University Film Department, has come to essentially the same conclusion as Bergeron on the subject of screenwriting and production.

"Out of necessity in the Workshop we had to do both things at the same time," says Vaitiekunas. "The demand on the student was incredible, because a student had to be a screenwriter as well as a producer as well as a director and editor. And, as you know, people are not endowed, usually, with all these talents. So that one of the areas would suffer, sooner or later. But the best approach . . . going back to the Workshop structure, is for the year to be split, and part of the people would concentrate on producing scripts. And the other part of the year would be purely production."

"While you're writing a script, you're not loaded with all kinds of paraphernalia and equipment, or logistics. You can work anywhere there is light, a piece of paper and a pen. And I think there should be an entirely different environment, because during the embryonic stages of writing one should not be under the pressure of production as an environment and ambiance. You begin to think too early of camera angles. You begin to think too early of technical tricks and things like that, and tend to forget the structure. Structure is a nebulous thing."



Vincent Vaitiekunas

"And it's good to write the script away from the production area, period. It should be written in the park perhaps, or in a restaurant or in your bedroom. Wherever you feel more inspired and not under any particular pressure."

"Out of necessity I think these two areas are separate. But both are equally important and perhaps I did not emphasize enough, looking in retrospect, that when there is no script, there is no film. You just have to have an idea developed, and worked out and structured. And only then should one go out and start to shoot. I think that the problem that goes with a lot of student filmmaking is that these two areas of operation go too close together."

"In a film academy, I understand scriptwriting classes produce scripts and then the production students take them and they produce them. So that the people that are interested totally in production, direction or camerawork; they've got something already worked out, and a polished script to start with. So you start pretty high up. And that kind of reflects, I think, the whole state of affairs in feature films in Canada." □

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SFU FILM WORKSHOP

A CRITICAL LOOK

Peter Bryant

The showcase for new films from the workshop premiered May 21st. This was the first group of films produced by new resident Guy Bergeron.

The films were divided into two categories of drama and documentary. Each category showed that as an entity, the workshop is achieving more each year. However, since a number of film makers at the work-shop are moving on, this year will probably remain a high point, at least until a new group of film makers have a chance to develop.

The films in the program were as follows, with some comments on each:

Country Dance is a 30 second computer animation film by Doug Starrat, a very short exercise using a distorted moving map of Canada.

Once Upon A Climb is a first film by Keith Nannery. It is a somewhat satirical look at the technology of climbing, and also offers some interesting information for the layman on pitons, hooks, and clamps. It is well edited with some camp narration, and it works.

Cowboy is a short black and white first film by Patrick Chotikian on a Gastown rubby. Even at the length of four minutes the film manages to be repetitive, with nothing exciting or illuminating about the character. The film is more of an exercise than a film.

Via Dolorosa is one of three films on the Maya and Mazatec Indians made by George Payastre and Claudine Viallon. The film is on the re-enactment of the road of Christ, by the people of Antigua, Guatemala during Easter. There seems to be an interest in the ritual and religious activities of primitive Indians, however the film is basically coverage of a parade, with little development of the subject other than the simple walking along of the people and it seems that five minutes of material is stretched out to ten.

Sammy, Sammy a film by Michael Chechik was by far the best film in the program. It is a documentary on an eccentric on Hornby Island who runs an amusement show consisting of funky ghost puppets and bits of nonsense. The activity is so bizarre and unorthodox that one is immediately intrigued. Chechik also gives us glimpses into other parts of Sammy's life; like a visit to Vancouver to find a whore, skinning deer, operating a one man saw mill, and moments of revelry about his fifteen children. His subject is well chosen. If the National Film Board were to find some grizzled old timer to represent some aspect of our regional identity he would end up lovable, admirable and full of earthy wisdom, thereby fulfilling another piece of mythology. Sammy is fortunately none of those things, he is instead very real, interesting and human, and more like the grizzled old timer who is actually out there. The



Sammy

other important aspect of **Sammy Sammy** is its superior technical competence and craftsmanship. The photography and sound are excellent, and the editing, done by Chechik, reveals a disciplined, thoughtful approach to the film. If it had been produced by the N.F.B. or the C.B.C. with a great deal of money it would still be a film to compliment, the fact that it was made by the workshop with very little makes it a remarkable accomplishment. There is absolutely nothing in the film that suggests poverty or nonprofessionalism. It is a completely well made and interesting film.

No Entry is a dramatic film by Lawrence Day and Mel Kennedy. The film has some similarities with *Ivory Founts*, since it is a "film within a film" film. A young man goes to the movies. He sees a film of himself, and on screen he is making love to a beautiful girl in a diaphanous white gown, who also happens to be the usher in the theatre he is attending. The film is confusing and meandering, but straight narrative would seem inappropriate for it, since it's basically a send-up satire with some fine and funny mo-

ments. Earlier in the program there was a film called **Jack's Lunch** — a three minute one-shot film of Jack eating a banana and some popcorn in a garage. In **No Entry** the protagonist visits Jack's garage, and it becomes obvious the earlier short was an out-take from this film. The put-on works beautifully, and becomes extended as Jack and the car owner/movie goer engage in a conversation that convolutes into double and triple talk while played seemingly straight, so that by the end you are not sure just exactly what has happened or what has been said. The other fine moment in the film occurs while the movie goer is driving his car along the street. He starts thinking of the girl in the movie who is giving him a blow job. He stops and a hitchhiker gets in the back and proceeds to jerk off. He cuts back and forth between humping shots, and then the car stops, the hitchhiker having come, gets out and leaves without saying a word. The hitchhiker is none other than Harlan Dorfman, who played the leads in **Ivory Founts** and in **Trapper Dan**, and appears in this film seedier than ever. Dorfman might well become the Flying Dutchman of student film makers, forever destined to appear in bit parts in bizarre movies. Any hidden meanings in **No Entry** will probably remain hidden, but it is an interesting off-beat film to sit back and enjoy.

Exit and **336** are two short films by Day, Kennedy and Doug Starrat. In the first, which lasts about thirty seconds, a campus security guard discovers a student hanging in a concrete stairwell. In the second a campus worker is run over by his own car in the underground parking lot. The films are brief sketches of paranoid commentary of student life, subtitled together as **The Concrete Mountain Chronicles**.

After Friday represents the most ambitious effort in the program. It is a twenty-four minute drama about the destructive relationship between two brothers, one a successful businessman, the other fresh out of jail. It represents a major step in the workshop since it is the first attempt at serious drama. The production values of the film are excellent, and it is obvious a great deal of work was done to give the film a solid professional look. However, although it makes good use of location shooting, authentic sets, props like police cars and ambulances, and a simple story line: the film fails in an essential way. It is not dramatic. The performances are at best unconvincing, although the actors themselves are well-chosen. Rob Johnson, whose gravelly voice and natural presence and street-wise quality makes him a natural for the part, plays the younger brother, and this type of role is Johnson's forte. The older brother is played by Richard Ouzounian, a local theatre director with a solid reputation and good credibility. However, neither of them can give life to the parts they play, and the problem seems to be critical judgement and guidance on the part of the director. The audience commented by treating the film as a comedy. Tim Sale did everything right in terms of production, but failed in terms of direction. Another flaw in the film was the music, which became an unintentional parody of movie suspense music. The older brother ends up dead in the streets, carrying a rifle, apparently driven to the act by the harassment of the younger brother. It is an extremely difficult turn of events to accept, and if it had been carried out successfully would have made for a strong content in the film.

The Blizzard, a film by C.R. Wrench, was the highlight film of the program. The story is based on the short story by Sinclair Ross, *The Painted Door*. A man leaves his wife to visit his father, and while he is gone a blizzard occurs. During his absence his wife has an affair with a visiting neighbour. In the morning she finds her husband frozen to death in the snow. His hand is covered with paint from the

door she was painting inside the house. The point being, he returned in the storm, witnessed his wife's infidelity, and left to die.

The story is an effective one, and C.R. Wrench was given every opportunity to make a good film. He had the rights to a good story, a fairly substantial budget for a student film, and an excellent crew. Unfortunately, his film suffers from the same problem as Tim Sale's and that is lack of characterization and performance, and consequently lack of drama. The ending is an unveiling of human nature that is unexpected, but here the ending is robbed of its irony and meaning, because of the lack of substance and development preceding it.

The film works as a limited set piece, but not as substantive drama. It has a quality of slickness and professionalism that is appealing, but like Tim Sale, the director needs to create content to match his style. Both Tim Sale and C.R. Wrench are excellent cinematographers, and have considerable skills in giving a "look" to a film. However, as directors they need to develop their skills with actors. It is because they have superior abilities in creating sophisticated looking films that their works are evaluated on a higher level than one would use for more run-of-the-mill films made by students.

At the National level, in comparison with student films from elsewhere, the films from Simon Fraser will certainly stand out. The reason for this is not that people born on this side of the Rocky Mountains are inherently better film students but in the way the workshop itself works and operates.

Most of the students in the workshop are students of one thing only, and that is film production. They are there precisely to make films. There are no courses, degrees, academic structures, or requirements. As a group they are older than students in traditional film departments, since many of them have degrees, have been working for a few years, and return only to take advantage of the film activity.

Consequently the workshop attracts people with a high degree of motivation and energy for film making. The ones that are allowed in must have something to offer, and it is measured by a more appropriate yardstick than the ability to write a paper, which is the yardstick for the liberal arts student. They must offer either energy, ambition, talent, technical skills, desire, hustle, or a willingness to work: the things you need to make films. The other strength of the workshop is in the students themselves. Their biggest resource is the talent and energy of their fellow students. The crew of the films are people who want to be there, who learn to shoot, produce, light, record sound, and edit with constant experience. The workshop offers equipment, production money and a resident who acts as a producer, who can offer technical guidance, and who can make sure people perform. He also has to cajole, praise, hassle, swear and work where necessary. Each year, with only about fifteen or less students actively involved, the workshop produces 90 minutes of films.

A large number of students in the workshop, the core group of the last couple of years, are leaving or have left to become working film people. All of them worked on a substantial number of films while at the workshop, and while they are all film makers themselves, they have also developed other skills, and they have a solid grasp on the different crafts, as well as realistic attitudes regarding film making. As a group they represent a large measure of talent and creative influx. They also have strong instincts for survival. They are: Chris Windsor, Fred Easton, Ron Precious, George Payastre, Bob Ellis, C.R. Wrench, Tim Sale, Lawrence Day, Michael Chechik and the Flying Dutchman himself, Harlan Dorfman. □

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A Reply to Hofsess, a Challenge to Shebib and a Recommendation for Markowitz

Robert Fothergill



There is a half-serious tendency among our critics to be on the look-out for the Great Canadian Movie — the irresistible homegrown blockbuster, with the knockout authority of a *Gone With The Wind*. A recurring wave of excitement is generated as we ask each other, Is this it? Is this it? But (as with other waves of excitement) if you're not sure, then it wasn't. Meanwhile the pursuit of the GCM, the time of our time, is a distraction which works against the production and recognition of the Necessary Canadian Movie — the movie for which there is a need. In this spineless, flavourless, odourless blah that we call English Canadian culture, what we need is a sharpening of consciousness, a galvanizing of awareness. To sharpen we require abrasion; to galvanize, a flow of electric current. Whence are these stimulants to be derived?

Hofsess puts a biting case in his *Cinema Canada* article "Headless Horsemen" (No. 18) when he rails against the feebleness and irrelevance of so many of our films, and declares his opposition to government subsidy and/or protection for works with no other visible means of support. He argues that films which "connect" with a real popular demand will have a commercial viability of their own. It seems to me, however, that of the several ways of seeking to make that connection, some are likely to be more fruitful than others.

A repeated refrain at the agitational sessions of the Winnipeg conference was: "Basically I'm not even interested in politics and social change and all this shit — I just wanna get out and make movies." What a film-maker means by this is that he relishes the challenge and the excitement and the individualist self-dramatization of Being a Director, struggling to bring in his picture against all the daunting obstacles that lie in his path. Like climbing the north face of the Eiger "because it's there", this is not an intrinsically contemptible incentive, but it lacks specific meaning. One mountain is much like another; it's the climbing that counts.

But how long can you go on making movies if you're not interested in anything except movie-making, if the completion and release of a 90-minute film is an end in itself? What can you produce out of this kind of inspiration except expensive fillers, consumable distractions?

If I seem to be discounting the value of films as "sheer entertainment" (as they say), I should hasten to say that I would applaud wholeheartedly the production by Canadians of works like *The Sting* or *La Bonne Année* or *The Three Musketeers*. Even so, I don't believe that the manufacture of "sheer entertainment" is the course we should embark on, seductive though it might seem. Some of our critics, I realize, would vehemently disagree with this view. They would argue that the bane of Canadian films is not their lack of seriousness, but the fact that they are frequently so dismal, in situation and outcome. "Give us something to enjoy", they say. "If I'm going to fork out three-bucks-fifty, I want to be entertained. If it's truly entertaining, people will flock to see it." (This is also the line peddled by the distributors and exhibitors — foreign controlled — to justify their prejudicial handling of Canadian films.)

Two factors are at issue here. One is the pragmatic question of commercial potential; the other concerns a notion of what I would call 'validity'. In practical terms, the film of "sheer entertainment" has to compete solely on the strength of its power to entertain. It's up against the product of the world's greatest exporter of entertainment, a product so expertly produced and so effectively promoted that the Canadian rival has to be twice as good to succeed in the same market. Compounding this disadvantage is the fact that Canadians, on the whole, do not seem to be naturally gifted entertainers. The qualities of gusto, vivacity, charm, wit, energy, magnetism — do they readily spring to mind as prominent among the national traits? Would the pub-life of old Toronto, if there were such a thing, sparkle with the wizardry of a hundred irrepressible raconteurs?

We are a sober people (like it or not), and our best work in the cinema, and in literature for that matter, is of a generally sober cast. We betray this sobriety at our peril.

What then? Either we try to be entertaining and produce *The Rainbow Boys*, *The Reincarnate*, *The Inbreaker*, *U-Turn*, and *My Pleasure is my Business*; (if this last-named movie is making money, as director Al Waxman claims, it's because it sounds as if it *ought* to be lively entertainment, not because it actually is.) Or we refuse to be entertaining and espouse instead a great dreariness and desolation.

No, it's a false antithesis. Suppose we substitute for that bland word 'entertainment' a more energizing notion like 'stimulation'. Films can stimulate laughter, excitement, sympathy, fear, passion, thought, controversy, social awareness, rage — that's enough to be going on with. Many Canadian films fail to stimulate even one of these responses, and they fail most notably when they try to stimulate the more purely diverting responses, such as laughter and excitement. It's partly that our film-makers seem not to have the knack, and partly that those of other cultures have it so abundantly that ours can only fade in comparison.

There is, however, one kind of response that films from no other culture can stimulate, and that is controversial critical reflection on our own situation and experience as Canadians — the sharpening of consciousness. What the

movie-makers of English Canada need is to have the flow of their energies and talents channeled and accelerated by a social passion. If they forget about trying to amuse some amorphous segment of the consuming public, and undertook instead to communicate to their neighbours; if they took subjects with an actively provocative, rather than a passively inoffensive interest; if they stopped trying to be show-biz, and started to come out as engaged human beings — then they might make films that would display intrinsic validity, yes and dramatic effectiveness, yes and the power to claim for themselves the active attention of Canadian audiences.

Here is a little analogy. You're at a party, competing with a born raconteur, mimic, and joke-teller for the attention and interest of an attractive person whom you would like to engage. You can try to put in your own stock of feeble witticisms and Ed Sullivan imitations, while your rival is pausing for breath; or you can talk about those human and social questions which really arouse you personally. If the person wants only to be amused, you are going to lose out anyway. But if . . .

Meanwhile, Canadian directors continue to convince themselves that the way to succeed at a party with a stock of boring anecdotes is to tell another one. Getting serious is called "political".

Take the case of Don Shebib. He condemns Jean-Claude Lord's **Bingo** because it's "political", and "because the guy obviously has no talent". **Bingo** is indeed a contemptible film, but not for the reasons Shebib presents. The fault of **Bingo** is that it's not a political film, but a film which exploits politics for sensationalist and mercenary ends. (Just as pornography is said to exploit sex.) **Bingo** is the **Face Off** of Québec, concocted from a recipe calculated to pander to mass tastes. Conspiracy politics for the Québécois; hockey and folk singers for Ontario. Films like this are interested not in communicating an enlarging vision of life, or even in giving pleasure or interest, but solely in "connecting" with half a million pocket books.

As for talent, Jean-Claude Lord clearly has some skill in handling actors, constructing scenes, etc.; but talent isn't like eyesight — you can't measure a director on a scale between 20-20 and blind. What we crudely call talent has a lot to do with applying our minds and skills and energies to the right task.

Shebib would never permit himself to make **Bingo**, because he is too honest and serious. But he's making a mistake when he rejects political film-making altogether, and points to **Bingo** as the epitome of what he rejects. "I don't give a shit about politics." (I'm quoting *verbatim*) "I'm interested in stories and characters." In other words, in bourgeois personal drama? "Sure, why the hell not? I'm very bourgeois."

And he tells me he's got two scripts in mind right now, one about a runner, the other about a guy who gets involved with an older woman. I'm sure the films will have the Shebib hallmarks — sincerity, directness, strong human presences, an unsentimental sympathy for people whose lives are going nowhere fast. Maybe they will be intelligent and compelling screenplays with real dramatic potential. A script about a guy who gets involved with an older woman . . . maybe it's a film worth making.

But not by a Canadian director, and not now. It's not a "necessary" film — just another hundred minute misunderstanding. It won't claim attention for itself, here or elsewhere. It won't draw on the best kind of talent and conviction and plugged-in vitality that Shebib himself has demonstrated. It will produce only a dispensable film, a film that doesn't matter, a glorified soap-opera.

Let George Bloomfield do it.

Don't waste yourself, Don Shebib. Politics doesn't mean ideology, the party line, stories about M.P.s or re-

volutionaries, or prime ministers called McAdam meeting a transfiguration of the Queen in the great white wilderness.* Politics doesn't necessarily mean **La Chinoise**, **Tout va bien**, or **Vent d'est**. Politics means recognizing that the conditions of every individual life, the options apparently open, the options definitely closed, the potentialities and constraints (both internal and external) are governed by more than simply individual factors. Every individual life is a meeting point of a whole network of economic, social, and political influences which shape the person's disposition and ability to choose. Furthermore, this network of controlling factors is not a fact of Nature, but the expression of a particular ideology and system of values which the people who profit by it actively seek to perpetuate. A film which ignores this dimension of experience is telling only half truths, frequently the less significant half.

Shebib's a-political bourgeois stance is all the more exasperating in that it seems like a betrayal of his own creative tendency. A film like **Goin' Down the Road** already displays a significant measure of that awareness of the relation between individual destiny and social fate. Pete especially (the Doug McGrath character) is inclined to question and to gain some insight into the system that is going to screw him for his whole life. The film is unable to conclude that these beginnings of political awareness will do him any good, but that's Shebib's prerogative. I'm not asking that Pete should join the N.D.P. and struggle happily ever after. If Shebib doesn't have any faith in political solutions to individual problems, then he cannot honestly display such a faith through his films—though he might examine the possibilities. What I do ask is that the films should express, in the consciousness of the characters and in the treatment of the situation, some recognition of general social forces bearing upon the lives of individuals.

English Canada is a chronically unpoliticized culture. To take a visible symptom, our journalism is more severely addicted than most to the 'human interest story', at the expense of a critical awareness of the operations of political and economic power. Shebib is equipped, technically and intellectually, to make films in which significantly conscious characters encounter the kinds of experience through which they (and we) can find out what our society is like and what effect it has on us. For instance, he could make a powerful and dramatic movie about people caught up in a wild-cat strike. What is the strike about, and what happens when people in the same family have to take sides? (John Howe's **Do Not Fold, Staple, Spindle or Mutilate** points in a worthwhile direction for the kind of film I'm suggesting.)

Well, we must wait and see. Maybe Shebib's instincts are quite right. Time: Saturday morning. Scene: Breakfast over the weekend paper in a Toronto high-rise. "Hey Marilyn, I see there's a new Canadian film about a guy who gets involved with an older woman. Sounds pretty neat, eh?" "Sure does, Bill. I only hope we can get in." Perhaps. But how about this, for a change: 'Hey Marilyn, we've gotta see that film they've made about the Truscott case!'

II

Recommendation for Mercy is an ambitious and powerful work which made me ask myself repeatedly, "Is it the right film to have made on this subject?"

The subject itself is undoubtedly compelling. As everyone knows, the film is a dramatic reconstruction of the Steven Truscott case — the rape-murder of a teenage girl, for which the 14-year-old Steven was tried, found guilty, and initially condemned to hang. The case raised important questions about the judicial system and the larger social context within which this verdict was reached. Years later, after the book by Isabel LeBourdais had exposed the serious

*This is an arcane allusion to *Question Time*, a play by Robertson Davies.

miscarriages of judicial process, not to mention the enormity of condemning a 14-year-old to execution, the Pearson supreme court, and Pearson himself, refused to re-open the case. Truscott, who is widely thought to have been innocent, served ten years.

With a peculiar shiver we realize that sooner or later **Recommendation for Mercy** is going to be shown to a theatre audience with Steven Truscott in its midst. Presumably, too, the family of the murdered girl and of Truscott, many of the witnesses at the trial, the police investigators, the lawyers for prosecution and defence, and the jury who found the boy guilty, may go to see the film. It may be, also, that there is one other man who will watch the recreation of those events with a more than ordinary interest in how accurately they are portrayed.

Undertaking to reconstruct a story of this kind confronts the writer-director with momentous problems of selection and point of view. What is essentially important about these events? What needs to be communicated about them? How shall the public be confronted with them and made to encounter their implications? Involved with these questions are critical problems of dramatic method. How do you tell a story at whose crucial centre there is an event of which you are ignorant?

You can tell the events of which you are reasonably sure, and for which there is corroborating testimony, and then say: "Beyond this point, either this happened, or this, or this, or something else altogether." When, as in this case, a determination of what took place led directly to the selection of somebody to punish for it, the problem becomes critical. Markowitz is rightly concerned with questions about the manipulation of evidence and the desire of an enraged community to find a convenient scapegoat. Even if he was guilty, the boy "John Robinson" was convicted by a pretty haphazard proceeding.

While he makes a commendable effort to establish the trial in the social milieu that bore so heavily upon its outcome, Markowitz has perhaps opted too strongly for the did-he-or-didn't-he fascination of that brutal event. In an attempt to be dramatically intriguing (à la **Conversation**), the film goes far beyond the issue of how the court dealt with what was presented as evidence. Markowitz wants to draw us into the emotional turmoil and bewilderment which he presumes were inflicted on the boy by his imprisonment and interrogation. (The 24 anxious hours that Markowitz himself spent in jail on a rape charge have furnished him with the knowledge of how the most innocent mind can get spooked into a crazy loss of bearings.)

In pursuit of this dramatic mystification, Markowitz shows us images whose reality-status is left deliberately obscure. To take the crucial instance: among several versions of the rape-murder we are shown one version in which John Robinson is the killer. The structural position of this scene prompts us to assume that it is John's own recollection of the event (if he is guilty), or his confused fantasy (if he is innocent). But if it is a recollection, then it should be properly be seen from his point of view, instead of in the form of brief flashes from a third-person camera position. And if it is a fantasy, then it should not conform in its details to the exact place and condition in which the body was shown to have been found - because John could not have known those details.

In other words, a version of the event which Markowitz intends to be receivable as *either* recollection or fantasy, can in fact be *neither*. It could be a juryman's visual conjecture, but that is not the way in which it is planted. Thus the film's format has moved from showing how the objective reality of the event cannot be conclusively proven, to the point of suggesting that the event actually had no objective reality.

The director is not, I think, altogether responsible for this shift. It results from an intrinsic tendency of cinema to con-

fer the status of objective reality on whatever it clearly shows (unless positive signs are given that the event is to be taken as dream, fantasy etc.). Very early in the film we see John Robinson fall from his bicycle, in such a way as to receive the injuries that the police doctor argues were incurred during the sexual assault. There may be some doubt in the minds of the jury, but there can be none in ours. We saw him fall and clutch at his groin and cry in pain. Now, in a court of law, two conflicting verbal accounts of an event may cause us to doubt the veracity of the tellers; we may no longer believe what we have been *told*. But the film has *shown* us an event taking place. We may easily accept that other people, who were not there, can refuse to believe it; but we have *seen* it — it did take place. If the film then tries to undermine our certainty by showing us another version of the event, the effect is to suggest that *both* versions are real, and that therefore nothing, or anything, happened during those critical minutes. Or else someone is fooling with us.

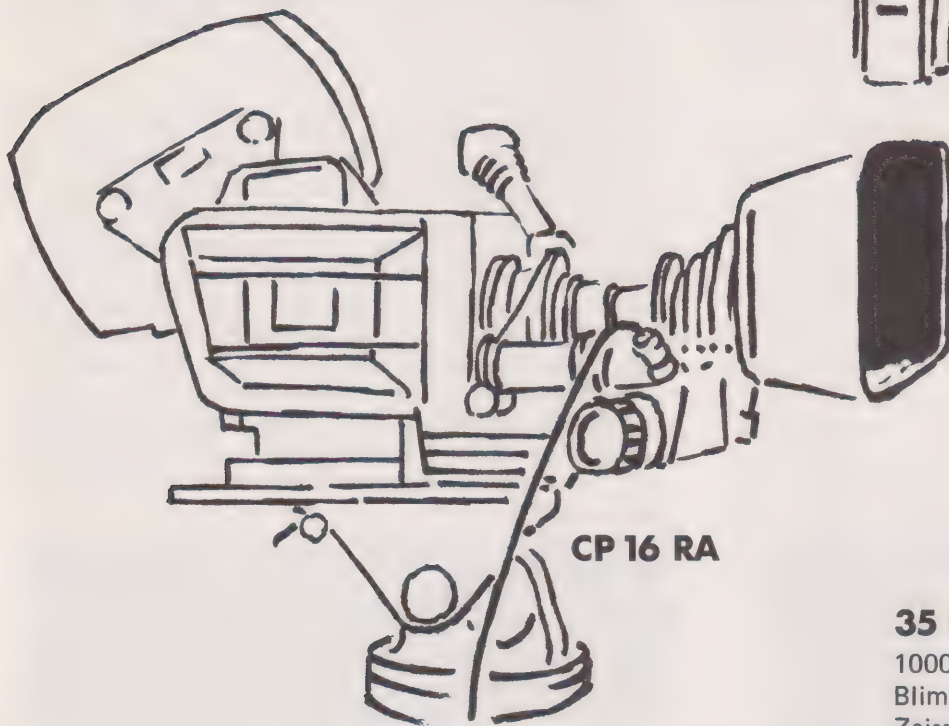
Markowitz has spoken in an interview (with Natalie Edwards, *Cinema Canada* #19) about his own problems with reality — how things are real and unreal at the same time. He is prepared to endorse the "surreal" dimension of **Recommendation for Mercy**. Insofar as he seeks to convey the private horror of John's ordeal, the technique is defensible, although it threatens to deflect from the social drama of the story, which I would judge to be more significant. And in fact the most powerful scenes of John's suffering are those of remorseless interrogation, which depart from objectivity only to the extent of a distorting intensification of vision and sound. Such scenes make it clear that we don't need to be shown an arbitrarily selected version of John's inner experience. We can feel from his behaviour (in the beautiful performance by Andrew Skidd) the full shock of his disorientation. Our capacity to feel what he is going through is not intensified but actually limited by the injection of synthesized subjective flashes.

But if Markowitz is going further and allowing the notion to prevail (in the Pirandello—Durrell—**Rashomon** vein) that there is *no* objective reality, only an array of subjectivities, then he is playing a pseudo-philosophical game of almost criminal irresponsibility. It's all very well for frivolous literati to wonder if yesterday ever happened. But if Truscott was innocent, it will be small consolation to him to be told that, philosophically, it's all a matter of how you look at it!

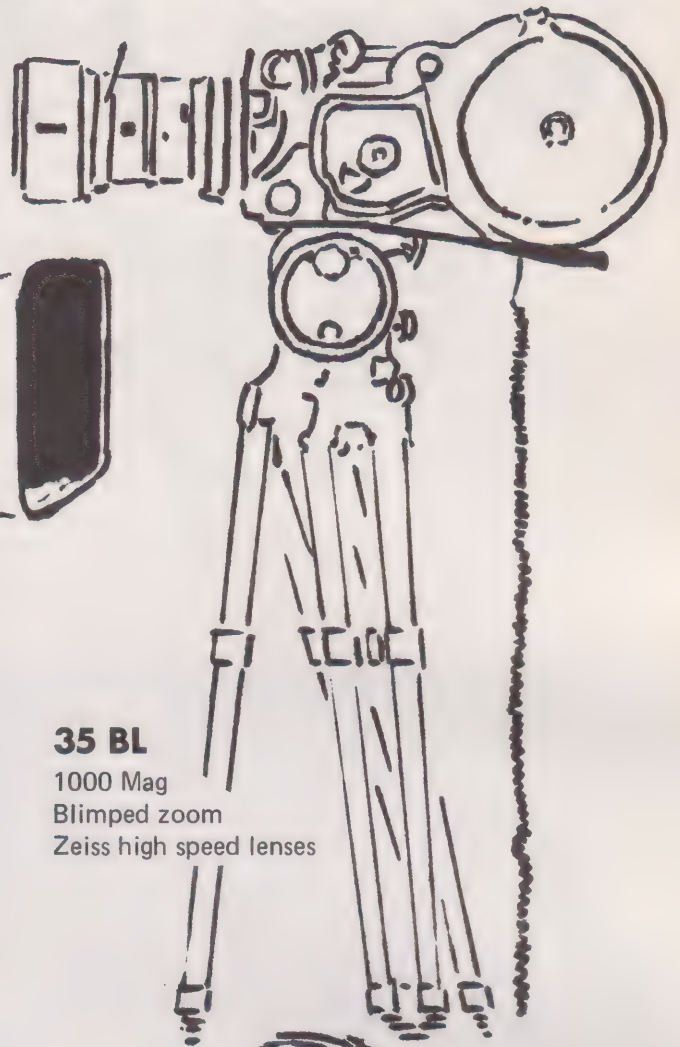
For the most part, Markowitz is not toying with his subject, but channeling his strong feelings about it into an indignant and compelling drama. The strength of the screenplay resides in its depiction of stupid authorities, lying and hypocritical witnesses, disgraceful judicial practices, and the overwhelming presumption of the helpless boy's guilt. The power of the situation has elicited immediate and most believable performances from some of the actors, especially John's two friends (Rob Judd, Mike Upmalis), his father (James Millington), and the two investigating police officers. To an extent that is rare in Canadian films, and which involves the expense and difficulty of handling a large cast, Markowitz has created a complex society around the central action. In the teenage demi-monde, through which John moves with troubled innocence, pent-up adolescent sexuality generates a restless violence. Among the adults, bigotry and shortsightedness and indifference prevail.

If Canadian cinema is viable at all at present, a film like **Recommendation for Mercy**, while it violates its own codes sometimes, is the right kind of film to be making. Its dramatic potency comes from having something urgent to say and to show about Canadian society. The film cries out to its audience "For God's sake, something very like this actually happened, and could happen again." **Recommendation for Mercy** doesn't offer to entertain—turn off your mind, relax, and float downstream — but to arouse and appal. □

CAMERA RENTALS

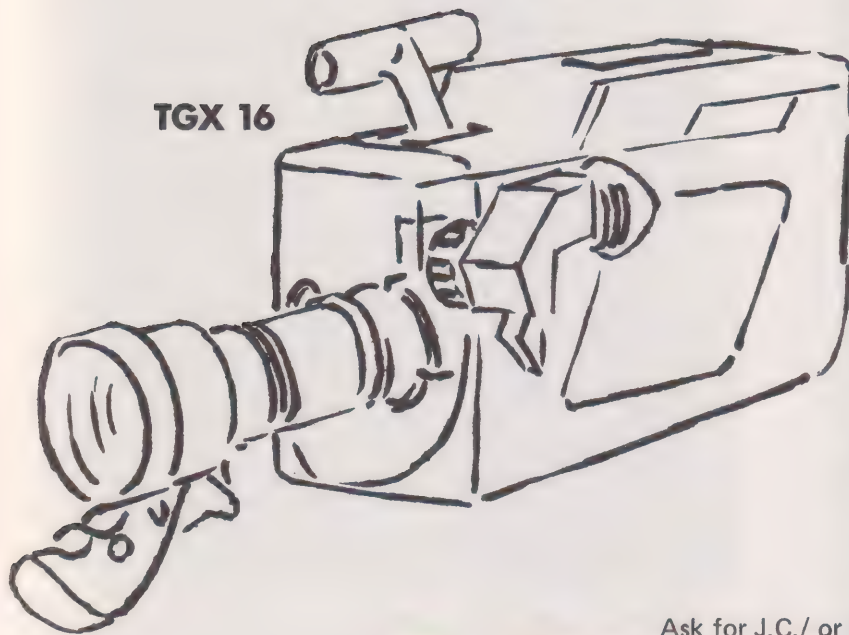


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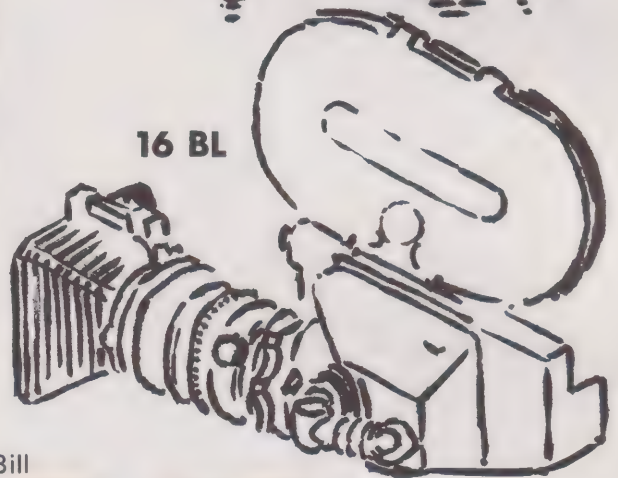


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Jim Henshaw

making it in Canada

David McCaughna



"My dream," says actor Jim Henshaw, "is to be the first Canadian actor to make it in the movies without leaving the country." That may sound like a bit of far-fetched fantasizing but after reviewing the film career of Jim Henshaw one can't help but be impressed by the phenomenal number of films he's done in this country in the past few years. "I've worked more than any American actor recently," Henshaw adds. During the span of one year Henshaw will appear in about four or five films which shall be released and that's an impressive work record for any actor these days. After a performance this spring of the play **Underground** at Toronto's Factory Theatre Lab, in which Jim Henshaw had one of the three roles, I overheard two ladies speaking, "I've seen him before," said one lady, "in the movies . . . or TV . . . I know I've seen him." Henshaw is clearly on the road to his goal.

Lanky, boyish twenty-five year-old Henshaw grew up in the West. Born in Regina, he began acting during his final year in high school and later attended the University of Saskatchewan where he took a degree in theatre arts. A valuable student exchange programme allowed him to spend time in England where he watched Peter Brook and Laurence Olivier direct. Returning to Regina, he worked for a year and a half at the Globe Theatre but as that is the only professional theatre there and few films were made in the West then Henshaw found the possibilities for an ambitious young actor very limited. "But since I left four years ago they've made four movies out there and now Robert Altman is out West shooting Paul Newman in a screen version of **Indians**."

But Henshaw has no regrets about coming East to pursue his career because it has blossomed. When he first arrived in Toronto he did TV commercials and bit parts until a very good break came his way. Henshaw was cast in a quite significant role in the American film **The Last Detail** which was largely filmed in Toronto. He played Seaman Sweek who is the character at the beginning of the film that sends Jack Nicholson off on his journey. An actor couldn't be more fortunate than doing his very first movie scene with Jack Nicholson and the role gave Henshaw's fledgling career a great boost. His stage work has included roles in a lineup of productions at the smaller theatres in Toronto and he's also done all the film work and managed to complete a couple of screenplays.

The first of Henshaw's films to be released this year was **Divertimento**, a short based on a story by Anton Chekhov. About two young skinny-dippers who meet inadvertently and have their clothes stolen, **Divertimento** featured the music of Maurice Solway and in it Henshaw co-starred with Lynn Griffin. They had to spend a good deal of time in a cold pond that was full of leeches that had to be burnt off of them and actress Griffin came down with pneumonia. "But that was nothing," says Henshaw, "in **Lions for Breakfast** we actually had to break through the ice for our swimming scene and we had to come out of the water looking happy."

Henshaw enjoyed working in Morley Markson's film **Monkeys in the Attic** which was released in Toronto last winter to a series of critical pans. "Markson is a meticulous filmmaker and **Monkeys in the Attic** is technically perfect," Jim explains. "There are many long scenes which were done

in one take and Morley made certain that everything was perfect." The film concerns two couples who live together and whose relationships are falling apart. One of the women finally decides to commit suicide and as she's going about it she decides to call a friend for a farewell but she calls a pizza parlor by mistake and orders a pizza. Henshaw played the pizza delivery boy and arrives at the house and all of the characters play out their games with him. Henshaw found the film intriguing but admits that it leaves the audiences searching for its meaning.

Lions for Breakfast is a children's film made by Burg Productions. It's about a city boy and his brother who escape from their urban environment, meet up with a gypsy, and have a series of fun-filled adventures in the country. The film, directed by Bill Davidson, will be released shortly. In it Henshaw plays the older brother and he reports that the movie is full of moments that children will enjoy.

Henshaw went out to Vancouver to film **Supreme Kid** which was directed by Peter Bryant. It's a Canadian road movie about two aimless young men, inspired by the wanderings of Jack Kerouac, who take to the road and have a series of misadventures. "It's a funny film. The two guys in it are catalysts that never cause anything to happen but things just happen to them. They accidentally rob a bank and get involved in a gun battle and they just keep drifting. The movie kicks the male ego around."



Henshaw with Don Granberry in "The Supreme Kid"

Except for **The Last Detail**, all of the films Henshaw has appeared in have been fairly low-budget and he finds working in them very worthwhile. "In low budget films everything must be done on the first take. If it's technically right they use it so you have to be on your toes. It's boring on a big budget film where they take 3 days to shoot one scene. I find it more exciting doing low-budget films where often you must do 5 pages of script a day or 3 or 4 scenes a day. It's rough on everybody but you are constantly discovering new things."

There has been television work recently too. Henshaw starred in a forthcoming CBC play called **Fight Night** which has been directed by Clarke Mackey in which he plays a man who works in an advertising agency and must pick fights to

prove his manhood. And last summer he repeated his stage role of Fedya in Carol Bolt's play **Red Emma** when Allan King filmed it for the CBC. The play was cut down to an hour in length and it was filmed among the abandoned warehouses near the Toronto Free Theatre. Henshaw says that **Red Emma** will be very well received when it kicks off the CBC drama season this fall.

At the moment Henshaw is most enthusiastic about a film called tentatively, **A Sweeter Song**, which will begin shooting on September 5. Not only will Henshaw be playing the lead but he also co-wrote the script. It will be directed by Alan Eastman, a Winnipeg filmmaker, and Susan Petrie will co-star, while John Hunter will produce. Henshaw likes sports and the part he's written for himself in **A Sweeter Song** is that of a sports photographer of extremely nationalistic tendencies: he won't even sell his photos to American papers. "I have no illusions about it being a great Canadian film, it will be a sex farce in part," explains Jim, "but I think people will enjoy it." In the film he plans to spoof the traditional Canadian attitude towards Canadian movies. Two of the characters will go to a Canadian film and there will only be three people in the audience and they will be cutting up the film.

Henshaw writes a great deal. He's already finished another script about an aging hockey player trying to make it through one final season and he finds writing a good way of unwinding after performing. "When I'm doing a play at night I have all day to write and often I'm so hyper after a performance that I come home and write for a few hours. It's a good way to come down, and don't forget that actors go through long periods of unemployment and writing fills the time." He says that in five years' time he'd like to be acting in his own films exclusively.

The major difficulty with most Canadian movies, Henshaw finds, is that they tend to bore audiences. "And that isn't necessary," he adds. He says that all we really need is a good Canadian movie that doesn't sell-out and has mass appeal and once the gates have been opened audiences will accept Canadian movies readily. "English Canadian filmmakers are too concerned with making meaningful movies," he explains, "and they think that will get them to Hollywood. While Québec filmmakers are much more successful because they know there's no-where to go so they work for their own society and try to entertain the populace."

Henshaw has two more feature possibilities that he's waiting to hear about. As always, it's a matter of the money being raised and he hopes that at least one of the films will materialize. In the meantime there's plenty of stage work in Toronto. He's played major roles in a number of significant new Canadian plays in the past two years and he finds it very exciting to be acting in brand new plays and working often with the playwrights as they shape the material to suit the actors. He was in a production of **The Adventures of Johnny Canuck**, about the Canadian comic book hero of the past, starred in Québec playwright Michel Tremblay's latest work **Bonjour, La Bonjour**, played a mass killer in an American play called **Heat** and in Bryan Wade's **Underground** he played one side in a triangle relationship. "On stage you get time to work at a character," he says, "so the characters tend to be fuller than on film. In film you have to make a few definite choices. For films I load my characters up with a lot of little tricks to give some feeling of character. Onstage you can find things within a character and it's more internal and you do more intense work in a play. But a film is certainly more fun because everything is real. I go crazy when I'm not working at all."

The chances are quite good that Jim Henshaw won't be faced with any stretches of unemployment in the foreseeable future. He's super-nationalistic, he says, and has vowed that he'll never be lured to the States for work, but he did recently sign on with an agent in New York. "But he's just keeping his eyes on American movies that are going to be made here," Henshaw adds. □

SOUNDING OUT SOUNDING OUT SOUNDING OUT SOUNDING OUT SOUNDING OUT SOUNDING OUT A SOUND MAN A SOUND MAN

Patrick Spence-Thomas
by George Csaba Koller

St. Patrick's Day seemed like a good time to visit Spence-Thomas Productions. Patrick was in his usual good spirits and his right-hand lady, June Pike, was a welcome change from the impersonal receptionist one might find at a bigger sound studio. The place was busy as usual, but in a relaxed, homey way. None of the undue hustle bustle that traumatizes visitors to an outfit that's only out for the big bucks.

Suzanne Depoe was doing transfers for a film on industrial accidents and Bob Crone dropped by with his new CP-16 to marvel with Patrick on all the miniaturized electronics crammed into the back of that portable studio designed for a shoulder. Later that night a party would celebrate the Saint and his namesake, one of the best soundmen in our business. Don Shebib would play indoor golf with Bill Boyle, Patrick and John Watson would do an impromptu hug and a little jig for the occasion, a lot of booze and cold-cuts would be consumed by the assembled notables, and some hilarious tapes would be played of Orson Welles spoofing some radio commercials in his inimitable style.

Describing the advantages of his small studio that afternoon, Patrick Spence-Thomas sat back in a comfortably upholstered chair in his fifteen-seat mixing theatre: "What I try to do, if possible, is to keep a relaxed atmosphere. People who come in are of necessity uptight about performances, about people watching their rushes or hearing the results of their sound, so it should be a relaxed place in itself, without chrome furniture, without bright lights, a comfortable place as opposed to the sterile atmosphere of a larger studio."

"We offer basically one large theatre with a booth for recording voice. We can do simple music recording, using Nagra's as prime recorders. The 16mm machinery is mostly Magna Synch, 6 interlock playback doubles, 2 interlock

recorders, and 2 pick-up recorders. Plus interlock projection, a simple mixing console with 7 input and 2 output channels, so we can go into stereo and record an international track along with the mix. We specialize in transfers from anything to anything: from cassette to 1/4 inch to 35mm to 1/4 inch to optical to 16mm to 16 mag to 16 mag to any combination stripe, we can go in any direction during transfers. We do small post-synch sessions from time to time, dialogue replacement and sound effects recording. We do a lot of sound recording to picture. It's also a good studio, I think, for small screenings."

Patrick didn't seem too worried, when asked about his competition: "Well, there are the three giants, Film House, Pathé, and Mirrophonic. Then there's Soundmix and Studio Sound Services, they're middle range, and then two or three of us small people. Film Sound Services and myself are about equal, though I imagine that I am a little bit smaller. However, I don't find the competition that strong because my overhead is low enough that I can keep rates fairly reasonable. I specialize in 16mm exclusively, even though I can in fact transfer from 16 to 35mm. But 90% of the film made in this country is 16mm anyway and a majority of them have under 6 tracks for mixing purposes, therefore I can service 90% of the industry in this small studio, silly as it sounds. I don't want 35mm; I prefer to have superb 16mm machinery, to specialize in that and do it extremely well."

The bread and butter business comes from television documentaries. "As a service organization, I do a terrific amount of work for CTV across the road. They're doing some really fine work and it's good to be associated with them. The **Heritage** series, even modest **W-5** is doing extremely well and it keeps me incredibly busy. And a lot of the documentary programs are now getting into dramatized situations."

Patrick has had extensive experience with dramatic voice recording, notably on a handful of Canadian feature films. "**The Rainbow Boys** was the most fun. My very first feature at Crawley's was Genevieve Bujold's first film called **Amanita Pestilens**. I recorded the guide track for René Bonnière, who thought I was an awful twit, and indeed I was. Didn't do another feature until I worked for Ivan Reitman on **Foxy Lady**, which was a bit of a disaster. Then I worked with Don Haldane on **The Reincarnate** up in Kleinburg, and that was a very special experience. Don is a particularly wonderful man. Then Paul Almond's **Journey**, an absolutely wild experience. I'm still convinced that Paul is a madman, and I think we were all pretty mad by the time we left that location. But a marvelous opportunity and nice people to work with."

One of the frustrations of being a soundman on a feature film is sometimes seeing most of your work scrapped and post-produced sound substituted. "On **Journey** most of it was used, on **The Reincarnate** all of it was, there was no post-synching on that. On **Foxy Lady** there was quite a lot of it, since Ivan changed much of the dialogue after he shot the film, re-wrote entire scenes, and used cut-aways to get away from lip-synch. Then on **The Rainbow Boys** we got away with using 100% of the location sound, and I was as proud of that as anything I've done. That was a very special film and Donald Pleasence, who's still very much a star in my eyes, was very flattering to me. (He called Patrick the best soundman he ever worked with.) There was only one line from a Chinese shop keeper that we had to post synch in the studio, because it was just a shocking performance."

It's a remarkable thing when 100% of the location sound is used on a feature, especially when it's shot outdoors, under difficult conditions. "Mind you, I had Billy Nobles as a boom man, and that was very special. We worked very hard and covered ourselves from every angle, room tone, everything. We were shooting on a mountain one day, so we recorded mountain tone: we recorded it with the mike pointing toward the valley and the river, then toward the mountain, then toward the ground, to cover all possible camera angles. In fact, it proved very valuable in the mix. Then the last feature I did was Peter Pearson's **Only God Knows**, and that was a complete disaster for me in sound, they used only five minutes of my actual location recording."

The day I visited the set of that film, director Pearson was shouting all throughout the shoot, so I wasn't surprised. "Peter came in on the film extremely late and we had no time to look at locations. He was about three hours ahead of himself at any given time re-writing the script, and to have created any delays at all in recording sound would have been terrible. Difficult locations, as well, shooting at the end of a runway at Malton with planes coming in just overhead and that abandoned prison farm, it would have cost a fortune to deaden the echo in that place. The tradition is that the soundman is one of the few people on set with the right to say 'Cut,' at any given time. Peter came to me right off the top, saying, 'I don't like location sound, I don't want location sound, and you'll never shout "Cut" on my set.' So I said, 'Peter, I don't think I'm your man, I wouldn't enjoy recording sound under these conditions.' He said he would like me to do it very much, so I did it for the money. In retrospect, I think Peter was absolutely right, for that particular film, and I learned quite a lesson from him. But when a filmmaker doesn't even like location sound, it makes you feel pretty useless, indeed."

"I think to make a film, you have to have a lot of fun. It shows if the actors are having fun, if the crew's having fun, if you really enjoy making it. Working under an uptight situation is no way. That's why **The Rainbow Boys** to me was magic. It's coming up again, by the way, in England. It's sold 35 prints and is going to be touring with Monty Python. Again, it's a weak plot, but a charming film."

Patrick himself is an easygoing chap with a British accent and a keen mind. He got involved with film fifteen years ago at Crawley Films in Ottawa, where he combined an interest in theatre and electronics to launch his career. He still considers Crawley's one of the best places in the industry to learn, even though he himself left after only two years, since, as he so candidly puts it: "I was 30, just got married and was earning only 80 bucks a week so it was time to move on." He came to Toronto, free-lancing, and teamed up with Bob Dutru to make documentaries for **CBC Newsmagazine**. That took him to Vietnam and to Oslo with Martin Luther King accepting the Nobel Peace Prize, thus he found it an interesting job. It also gave him enough good credits to get his name well established as an expert soundman.

He's been free-lancing ever since. "Seven years ago I realized that I was burning up a bit on the documentary route and I wasn't heavily into feature work, so it seemed like a good time to open a studio." This idea was born out of his frustrations as a soundman, not having access to a transfer machine, which would enable him to carry the recording process one step further. "All tapes that you record in the field are inadequate, and nobody is capable of fixing those inadequacies, unless they know the actual situation. Somebody crunching on gravel might be established in the shot or it might not be. In order to eliminate some of that gravel in transfer, you have to have the man who knows that you don't actually see somebody crunching on gravel. So I was frustrated that I wasn't able to follow through with that one extra stage."

"I was working for Jim Mercer on contract, so I rushed out and bought all sorts of second hand equipment and built a pretty junky studio on Jarvis Street in his building. It was a start, and it proved remarkably satisfactory." He had to borrow \$15,000 from the bank for this first venture, and only when that was paid back did he borrow the next \$35,000 to finance the present studio. It's located in the basement purely for sound reasons and "practically every soundman drops in from time to time, it's become somewhat of a soundmen's club. Where people discuss problems or play tapes, saying, my God, what can I do about this or that? Some people come to do their own transfers, I'd like to carry on with that tradition. And of course it gets increasingly difficult to get out of the studio, people look on you as more or less a permanent fixture, and you're unreliable if you're not here all the time."

In order to enable him to spend more time in his studio, Patrick Spence-Thomas has made it a practice to train a whole line of fine young people in location sound recording. Billy Nobles, Aerlyn Weissman, Douglas Ganton, Larry Johnson and many others have at one time worked for him, though he modestly disclaims most master/apprentice relationships. He also recognizes the inevitability of most of his students moving on to better paying jobs as soon as they've acquired enough practical knowledge. "Theoretical training be damned, you pick that up as you go along. I don't think there's any way that I would *trust* anybody out of a film school right off the top, unless they came into the studio in a junior capacity and worked for a couple of months to a year. Then I would feel happy that they've hit all the problems that they were going to hit, and learned how to deal with them."

"As a soundman, the most difficult thing to learn is your compromises. If Trudeau is in a light aircraft circling Toronto and the plane's about to crash, the soundman doesn't say, hold on mate, I want to use a different microphone or I haven't got the best mike position, or hell, the synch chord's broken, you just record the damned thing. And it boils down to compromise the whole time on a feature film. Let's say it's getting late in the afternoon and the sun's going down, there's only enough light to do one more take, the actors are getting uptight because they've been working too hard, and



Patrick Spence-Thomas and friends in his sound studio





the best performance of the day goes through. The soundman's not terribly happy with his mike placement, he has a better position or he's got a puff of wind in the mike during the take, and the big moment comes when the director looks at him and the cameraman and asks: "How was it?" Implicit in the soundman's reply: "O.K. for sound," is a terrific amount of experience and total knowledge of the business. His experience of whether something can be done later about that slightly poor quality or how much asking for a re-take might prejudice the shoot. Would it be worth it any way, since he must be sensitive enough to the performance to know that it has come to a peak. Then, how much a re-take would prejudice the budget of the film."

"You can teach anybody in an hour to operate a Nagra and to select a microphone, to get it out of the wind and in close, that's the easiest thing in the world. There's too much mumbo-jumbo about the technical side of things. But to operate sound intelligently ... the ability to operate as well with the bums on Jarvis Street as walking into the Prime Minister's office. It's important not to wear a filthy pair of jeans into the Prime Minister's office, nor a clean shirt and tie when talking to bums on the street. A man might come in and he might blanket a complete set to get rid of sound reflections, but prejudice the day's work to such a degree by causing a delay that he won't work again. Sure, he's going to get better sound but he's not going to work the next day."

Because of the portability of new documentary sound equipment and the kind of working conditions where everyone contributed creatively to the shoot, the industry is attracting many more intelligent people, according to Spence-Thomas. Gone are the days when the sound engineer shut himself into a corner with his push buttons and dials and said "don't ask me any questions, I'm just a technician." He sees the role of the good documentary soundman more in being where the action is than in pushing the on or off button. Good communication among the small crew is vital, everyone should be ready to accept the other people's help and ideas. "The industry is attracting more intelligent people also because it's a hell of a fine way of life, not because they necessarily want to be technicians."

Patrick deplores, however, the cropping up of some sound people with absolutely no knowledge of electronics beyond the operation of the tape recorder. "I wish that a lot of soundmen had more electronic knowledge. My background in that field I've found tremendously useful. When something goes wrong on top of a mountain in Vietnam, if you have some knowledge, even if you only know where to kick the recorder or where to bash the camera with a hammer to get it started. If you can get it going one way or another, you're going to help a lot of people out of a jam and save a lot of money. But the operation of the equipment should be second nature. Once that happens, then you can make some films."

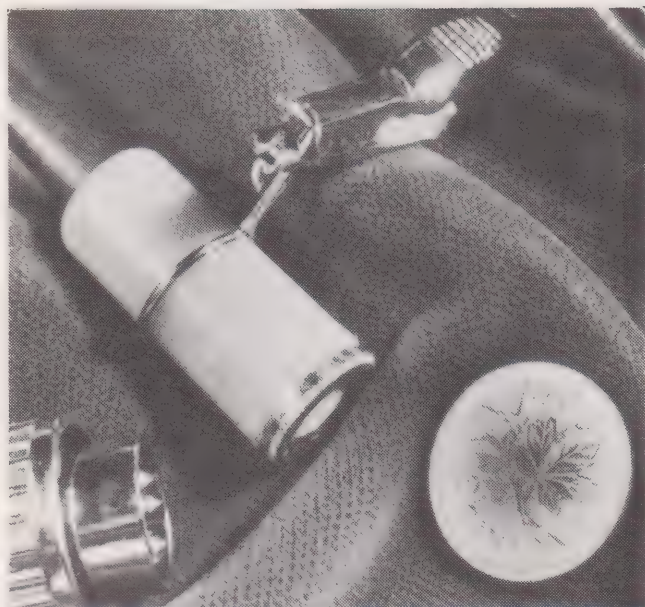
"Every film that I've done, you get so emotionally involved, you really do, you give so much of yourself. Then to see the film maybe opening in a big theatre with no publicity and being killed at that level ... Frankly I'm fed up with working conditions on features. You're always asked to defer overtime work incredible hours. You end up at the end of the day completely exhausted, unable to do proper work, then you drag yourself out of bed the next morning. It just isn't worth it," sighed Patrick. "I get much more satisfaction now from a small, documentary film, which is properly financed, properly handled, properly budgeted. We have some good directors, but the organization on feature film sets is terrifying. What I would like to see more than anything else in Canada is for us to train some really good Assistant Directors, some really good Production Managers. So that if the sound department says, look I've got to have my own vehicle, they'd know what you're talking about. Or, say, for the scene coming up tomorrow I need two radio mikes. We really need them, so you won't be shouted down on that score. I'd love to do a feature under the proper conditions."

Technically, at least, what's the proper gear these days to record a feature track? "It would be awfully nice to have 2 Nagra's, especially on a remote location, I'd always try for that. Then I would say 2 Sennheiser 415's, that's a small directional mike, an 815 which is even more highly directional, 2 Sony ECM lavaliers, an AKG D202 cardioid dynamic in its boom mount, the most useful mike ever made for film, excellent front to back ratio and yet a very wide pick up pattern, really the best mike to boom with, use it for almost everything; then a radio mike, a good set of tools and there you go ... that's the ideal set up, obviously."

And before the party starts, any last hints as to how to be a good location soundman? "Do a terribly careful check first of all of the script and see what's going to be needed, that you've got everything that you need. Every night clean the machines, degouse the heads, check frequency response, head alignment, recharge your batteries. Check the tape stock, make sure that it's consistent quality and have a very strict routine of looking after finished tapes. Always seal the boxes, always put little bits of tape on each reel with its number, so even if it gets mixed up in the box, it can be located later. Recorded tape is as precious as camera negative. A lot of people tend to forget that. And get instant feedback on problems during transfers at the lab. Leave instructions to have them call you collect at the hint of the slightest trouble."

Such precise care and expertise has earned Patrick Spence-Thomas the just reputation of being a cracker jack soundman and a hell of a nice guy to work with. Having taught numerous series of workshops for the Toronto Filmmakers Co-op, he's also known to lend a helping hand whenever a young filmmaker is just starting out and cannot afford to go to a big sound studio. He still offers a 50% discount to soundmen wishing to do their own transfers, just to prove a point, we suspect. He even has encouraging words for those contemplating the setting up of their own small studios, if they're willing to work hard and become just a little bit better than everyone else. In Patrick Spence-Thomas' case it's obviously teaching by example. So "become a soundman, and do it right away. With the new technical advances, it's a joy." □

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Correction

Cinema Canada would like to apologise to **Cinevision's** General Manager, Glen Ferrier, and to Gerry Sohy, Manager of the Vancouver office for the error which appeared in our last issue. The telephone number of Mr. Sohy should have read (604) 687-8351. We hope that there was not too much inconvenience caused by this error.

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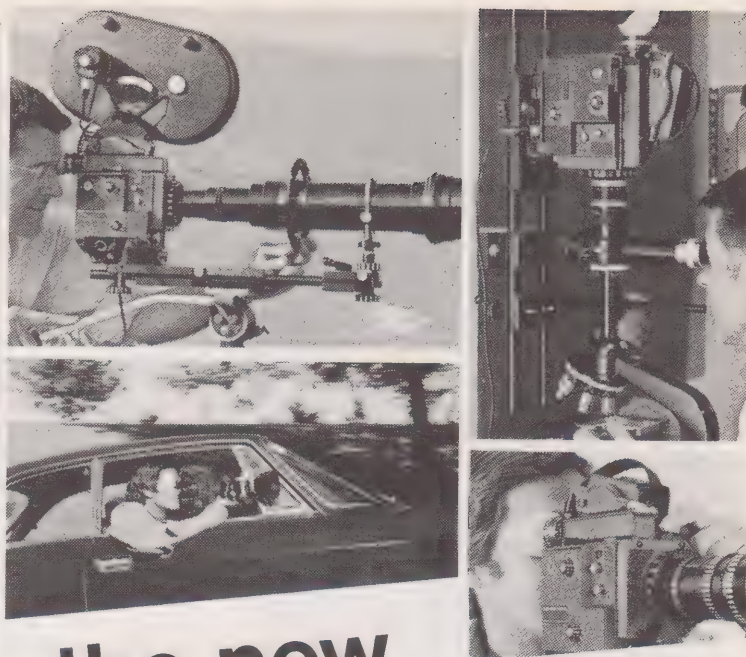
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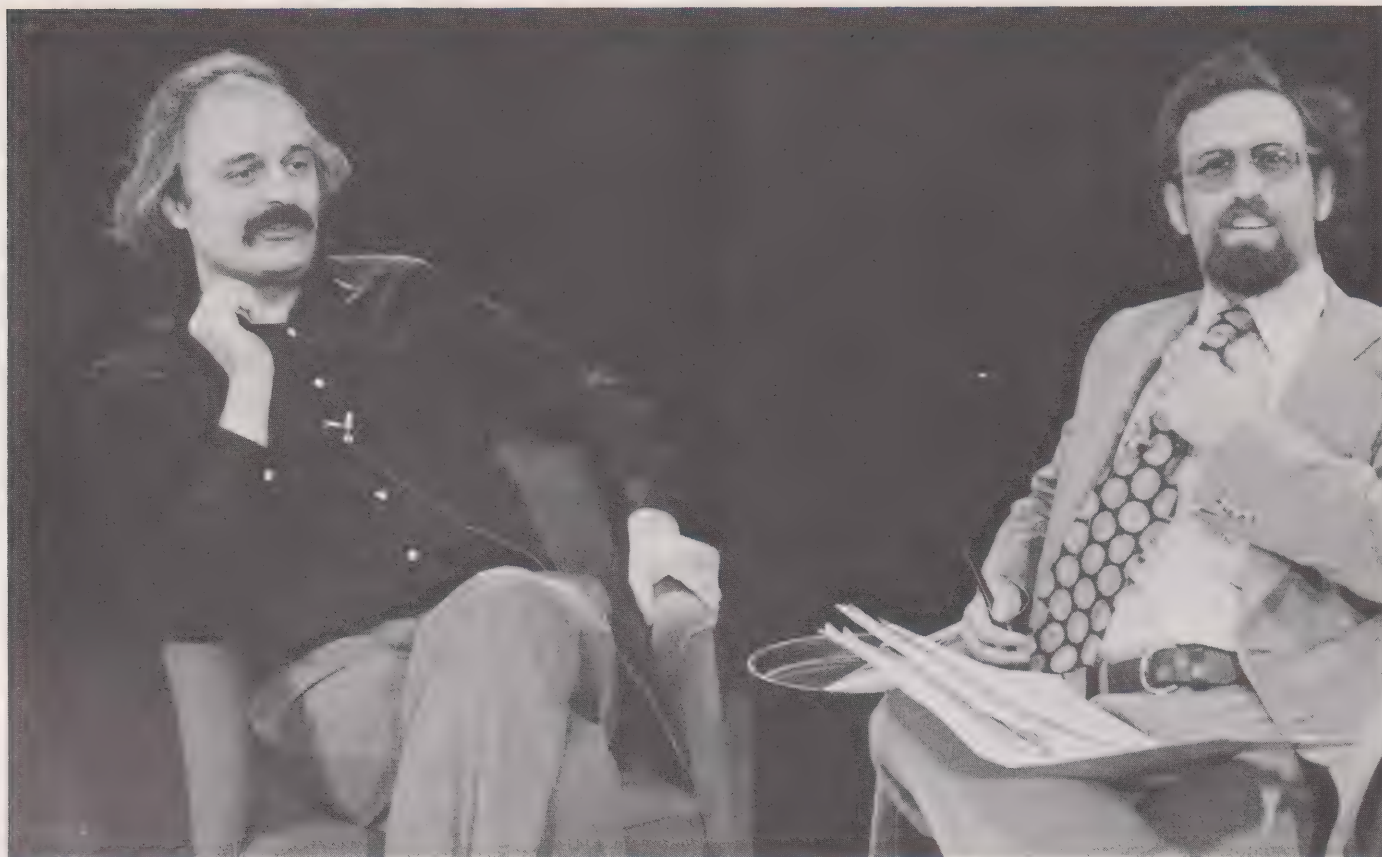
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KOTCHEFF:



An interview by John Katz

*Following the enormous success of **The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz**, Director Ted Kotcheff returned to Canada for a few days last February to discuss his work with film students at York University. Kotcheff, an exiled Canadian who has directed stage and television plays in England and the U.S., and films in England, Tahiti, Australia, Israel and Canada often talks about returning home to live and work. The following interview is an edited transcript of a videotape interview conducted at York University on February 27, 1975.*

I would like to start off by asking you the stock question. How did you get started in film?

That would be a long answer to that question, and not a very simple one. I certainly didn't have any ambitions to be a director when I was at University. I studied English Literature at the University of Toronto and after I graduated I didn't know what I wanted to do and drifted around from one kind of job to another. At my father's instigation I went down to apply for a job at the CBC which was not on the air as yet; they were just opening up the television studio—this was in 1952 and my father felt that because I had studied English Literature at the University, that equipped me to be a television writer. I tried to disabuse him of that notion, but he kept nagging at me to go down and get a job.

So, I went down and was interviewed by Mavor Moore who was then the Program Director. I was a very callow lad, 21 years of age and he said to me, "Have you had any experience in radio?" I said, "No." He said, "Any experience in film?" I said, "No." He said, "Any experience in theatre?" I said I had directed a one-act play at University

College which never got on—it was cancelled at the dress rehearsal. Then he said, "What about television?" I said, "No, no" and I started to rise and move towards the door, picked up my coat and hat, and thought this was it. But he stopped me and said, "Would you like to learn?" I said, "Yeh, I'd like to learn." So he said, "Why don't you? I'll tell you what, I will give you a job as a stage hand with the CBC. Inevitably you'll pick up a lot from that vantage point and when the CBC expands we are going to draw from that pool of personnel. You are going to be one of the most experienced people in Canada; we are going to use you and you are going to have a chance to move up."

I thought, well, I've worked in the slaughter house slinging carcasses. I've worked for Goodyear Tire & Rubber, slinging rubber; I might as well sling scenery. So I took the job. I still had very little interest in pursuing a career in television, or acting. However, after a while, I began to watch other people directing and with all the youthful arrogance of 21, I said, "These guys are idiots, I can direct better than that, they don't know what they are doing", and slowly I shaped an interest in becoming a director. Then I went back to the University of Toronto where I had a director's course with Bob Gill, a marvelous director, but this was theatrical directing. I then studied acting, not to become an actor, but to know what the acting process was like from a director's point of view with a marvellous woman called Basya Hunter; she is still in Toronto. She was a terrific teacher; she taught a combination of Stanislavski and Michael Chekov. I really learned a lot in that period. Interestingly enough in that class there was Silvio Narizzano, who directed **Georgie Girl**; there was Bill Shatner whom you probably know; quite an interesting group of people. Finally, I did move up in the CBC and

became a floor manager and then I went to work for Sydney Newman, who was doing a documentary series. I wrote some documentaries for him and one day Sydney said to me, "You know, you really have talent as a director and I think you would be a very good director. You are being wasted here as a story director." I was editing scripts for him at that time.

He said, "Listen, I'm going to give you a chance, do this play, if it works, fine, I'll give you a contract. If it fails, you are fired."

I directed a half-hour play for Sydney and he seemed to like it because I then went on a yearly contract. So that's how it all came about. Inevitably, as Mavor Moore predicted, people who were there, all the stage hands, moved up in the CBC, directed, produced, and did all sorts of things, so I think it's a matter of chance sometimes.

Then you later had some dealings with Sydney Newman in England with ABC and BBC?

Yes, I went to England first and he followed me. Six months later he came onto the same drama series that I was directing as producer—**Armchair Theatre** for ABC Television in England. I was lucky to be in on the beginning stage of television in Canada and the early stages of television in Britain. It was all chaos. Very congenial for director anarchy. No one knew what they were doing. We were told, "Do what you like" and they didn't care how daring or unusual the program was. It wasn't like it is now, which is factory produced programs. I often say to people that the directors now who direct in tape never knew what directing in live television was like. No marijuana, no heroin gives you a high like doing a live television show. And it took you about 3 days to come down because you literally were conducting the show. That was an exciting time in England especially for Canadians. There was the apocryphal story that the best way to get a job in British television was to be a Canadian.

What we brought was a passion for television because all of us, like Silvio and myself, started in television as directors. We didn't come from the theatre with any theatrical considerations and we were trying to push the limitations of television as it existed, so that our camerawork was very mobile. A lot of the British directors at that time had approached television as in the early days of film, as photographed theatre. We had the idea that the camera was an integral part of the television drama and used the camera almost like a character moving to accentuate certain moments. That was what a lot of Canadian directors brought to English television.

*Then your first film in England was **Tiara Tahiti**, in 1962 with John Mills and James Mason. . . .*

I am always a little embarrassed about that film and I try to keep it secret if I can. It could have been a wonderful satire on the class situation in England. However, the producer and I didn't see it the same way; he saw it as more of a pantomime and he was the author of the script.

*Then you directed the follow-up to **Room At The Top** with **Life At the Top** starring Laurence Harvey in 1965. Your friend Mordecai Richler wrote the screenplay.*

That's right. I was very hesitant about doing a sequel to such a famous success as **Room At The Top**. No matter how good the sequel is people always look back at **Room At The Top**. So, inevitably you are going to suffer in comparison. I was very hesitant about doing it, but, in a curious way, of course, it links up. Mordecai and I shared a flat in London at the time and I asked him to write it.

*Do you see a relationship between Joe Lambton (the main character of **Life At The Top**) and Duddy Kravitz?*

It links up with Duddy Kravitz because Joe Lambton is another study in opportunism. I have always felt that it is a very common literary archetype, the rogue hustler, the opportunist who scrambles up the social ladder; there is a whole

American tradition of that kind of literary character. I think the failure of **Life At The Top** was that we saw it through Duddy Kravitz' eyes. Some people said the main character was quite English but I think there was a certain kind of North American slant in the way we looked at him. But certainly the two films are connected aside from the fact that Mordecai and I collaborated on both pictures.

In addition to having worked in Canada, you have also worked in England for a number of years and in Australia, Israel and the U.S. What do you see as the pros and cons of being a Canadian filmmaker working abroad?

Well, I had no choice when I started. I wanted to work in films. In 1957 when I left this country there was no activity here, and I wanted to be a film director and not restrict myself to television. I also wanted to work in theatre. That ultimately decided my choice in going to London rather than the United States because in London you have the three: television, film and theatre, all in one city. But there was no Canadian Film Development Corporation then. And as far as theatre goes, I think Canadians generally, at that time, thought that was better looked after by English directors. As one of my Canadian director friends said, "Oh, to be in England now that England's here." We realized that there was no chance here and that we had to go abroad. But, of course, it took longer for the things we wanted to do. It took me about 3 years to start directing in the British Theatre and then 5 or 6 years before I got my first film. Of course, inevitably you get locked into staying abroad.

I think it's good for everybody to go abroad but it's a problem that haunted me after I was abroad too long and a problem that haunted Mordecai Richler as well. Mordecai especially felt that his creative juices would dry up if he stayed abroad any longer and he felt that **St. Urbain's Horseman** was his last expatriated novel. I don't think it applies so much to a director because a director can work internationally. In my Australian film **Outback**, although it is an Australian setting, I always felt that this was my first Canadian film, because I feel it deals with the outback which is very similar to our own Canadian outback, the Northland. The story could be very easily transferred into a Canadian setting. I don't think it is only a question of nationality that is pressing on a director.

Still, I would like to have always felt in the back of my mind that my best work would be done here in Canada. I was very glad and gratified that **Duddy Kravitz** turned out as well as it did, which seemed to confirm my suspicions about myself. As directors in England we had an advantage bringing an outside, an almost Martian point of view to English society. That was our strength, because we saw things in their life that they did not see, out of custom and use. But inevitably I would never be British; I would never understand the minutæ of the life there. I think that ultimately to be a director is to come back to a world where you know the sights, smells, where you feel absolutely at home. There was nothing about **Duddy Kravitz** that I didn't know. I felt absolutely confident that when I told an actor to do something, that's the way it was. I think you need that kind of confidence to really work as a director.

Margaret Atwood has a thesis about Canadian literature being filled with victims, outcasts, losers, exiles and people who feel rejected by society; people who are somehow apart from it. Many of your films have that kind of main character.

I've always been attracted to outsiders, that's true; like **The Inebriate Woman** is about a woman who is a tramp. **Outback** is about a man completely at odds with his surroundings who is cracked wide open by the fact that he is in opposition with it. I think, though, that it has to do with my own Bulgarian-Macedonian background. My father was Bulgarian, my mother was Macedonian. They immigrated to this country

and they did not like it here when they came. They felt that people were cold and Toronto then was really an Anglo-Saxon town. My parents were used to a whole different way of life; good food, good wine, and people here seemed cold and forbidding, and the climate as well. They kept dreaming of going back. I always felt that I didn't belong here and that any minute we were going to pack up and go back to where we had come from. And there was a lot of prejudice against foreigners.

I often called myself the off-white hope of the Canadian theatre. The situation has changed, but I am trying to suggest a feeling that I didn't quite belong here. This was accentuated by the fact that my parents spoke Bulgarian at home. We had our own theatre, my Mother and Father, all my uncles and aunts were the actors and actresses in the repertoire theatre the Bulgarians had here. They acted every Friday night and Sunday night and I used to watch them; no baby-sitters then. I used to watch them rehearsing in plays and so there was a

to make it, but nobody really came through and the BBC turned it down. Finally, we lost hope that it would ever get done, and by accident and circumstance, I went to America to work for six months. Someone at the BBC sneaked it in and Ken Loach ended up directing it.

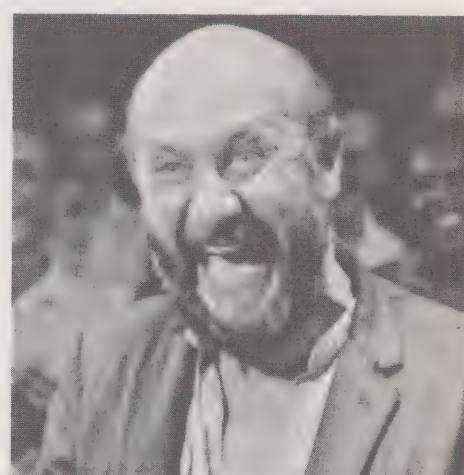
Subsequent to that, I said to Jeremy that I'd always wanted to make a film pointing out one of those ladies who have ten overcoats on and their worldly possessions in two shopping bags. Where do these people come from, who are they, how do they survive, where do they get their food and room? Finally, he said he'd think about it and 3 months later he delivered this script. It was the best script I've ever gotten. He followed one of these women around for days to see exactly what she did and he literally moved down into the subterranean life of our society. And he came up with this extraordinary document. **Edna** is one of my favourite films actually. We also have worked on a film which we are still trying to make about the gypsies in England, of the travelling



Richard Dreyfuss in "Duddy"



Mordecai Richler



Donald Pleasence in "Outback"

whole sense of being apart from the mainstream of the life in Ontario as it was then.

Two Gentlemen Sharing, which I especially liked, also deals with outsiders.

I was always drawn towards the minority group and **Two Gentlemen Sharing** is about the impossibilities of a friendship between a black and a white man with things being what they are, so again, I was drawn to the black community and it fits in with the whole, with what you are suggesting; I am drawn to people who are outside the main currents of North American and English life. **Two Gentlemen Sharing** is novelistic; it's long and rambling and sprawling and has many characters and it is all convolutive low-key. I don't much like humourless people and I hate humourless art, and I tend to see the ridiculousness of things all the time. There is always a sort of comedic flavour texture to the films. I think it's my own personality, something emerging.

*I've heard that originally you were considered for Jeremy Sandford's **Cathy Come Home** which Ken Loach ended up directing. Jeremy Sandford is one of the most exciting screenwriters writing social commentary. How was it working with him on **Edna**, **The Inebriate Woman**?*

Jeremy wrote a stage play which I directed, called **Dreaming Bandmen**, back in 1960, so our friendship goes back a long way. After we did **Dreaming Bandmen** he said, "You know it's an incredible situation with the homeless people in England (**Cathy Come Home**). Would you be interested if we did a film about it?" I said I would. And I did a lot of research with him and worked for two years on the scripting of that. We thought the situation was so explosive that a good thing had to be done for social reasons. So I went everywhere; we agreed to do it for nothing. We were looking for two thousand pounds

people and the extermination of the gypsy way of life in England.

*How about **Billy Two Hats**? What was it like filming a Western in Israel?*

I could have shot it anywhere. The reason I shot it in Israel was that Norman Jewison, who was the producer, was directing **Jesus Christ, Superstar**, at the same time. He said, "Well, please don't make it in Israel if you don't want to." However, I loved the landscape around the southern part of Israel and it was exactly what I wanted; bleak, hot landscape and there were areas there I think certainly no one else had ever photographed. I thought the terrain suited the picture marvellously. We flew the props and the sets over from Los Angeles, so that basically everything was authentic, from the art direction point of view. I think it did hurt the picture; it introduced a note of unreality in the picture. A Western in Israel. Well, obviously it cheated. It was like a spaghetti Western, of course. It can't be serious.

*I guess you were happy to return to Canada to direct **The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz**. Were there any sequences in the novel that you shot for **Duddy Kravitz** which you regret don't appear in the finished film?*

I only missed two things in the film which I threw out. In the Bar Mitzvah scene which is in the middle of the film, there was a wonderful, very funny sequence with Joe Silver who plays Farber, the scrap dealer. He gets drunk at his son's Bar Mitzvah; it was hilarious. I was sorry that had to go, but the Bar Mitzvah scene I felt just went on too long, so I trimmed it down. Another scene I really regret and felt should have stayed in, but I took it out—a very funny scene where Duddy Kravitz is in the schoolroom writing the final exams at high school. It was a very funny scene where everyone is writing

studiously but Duddy is looking bored and is not doing anything. The teacher wanders slowly around and as soon as he turns his back to Duddy and opens the window, Duddy quickly rolls up his sleeve and the whole of his arm is covered in facts and figures. He furiously scribbles them all down but suddenly the teacher sees him and advances towards him. As soon as he sees the teacher coming, he licks his arm clean. The teacher rushes up, grabs his arm, looks at it, and there's all these wonderful blue smears. So, Duddy looks up at him with absolute innocence and says, "Oh, what did I do, why are you grabbing me?" And the teacher just looks at him and says, "You'll go far, Kravitz, you'll go far." I did regret cutting that scene because it was so wonderful. I always did like funny scenes anyway. But I felt that at the beginning of the picture that it held up forward progress.

What was your working relationship with Mordecai Richler on Duddy Kravitz?

Well, you know he is my oldest friend and we tend to see things similarly. The reason I like Mordecai is that we have a kind of unspoken understanding. We really discuss a lot of things because we see things the same. In the case of **Duddy Kravitz**, I always wanted to make the film since I first read the novel back in 1959. As you know, Mordecai and I shared a flat in London and he was writing **Duddy Kravitz** then, and when he finished he gave me the manuscript and said what do you think of it. I said that it's a marvellous novel, certainly the finest Canadian novel that has ever been written and one day I am going to go back and make a film of it. So we all laughed because that was like a fantasy at the time; that was in 1959. But it was in the back of my mind for a long time. I tried once in 1965/66 to get it off the ground and the producer said that he would do it but I would have to modernize it and bring it up to the present time.

He didn't want to do a period piece and I tried to explain to him that it was an impossibility; these people would be entirely different today. They don't seem to exist any more; their attitudes, their aspirations, their values are entirely different. I said either I would do it then or forget it, so it was, forget it. And then about 3 or 4 years ago, I decided the only way this thing was ever going to get off the ground was to get a first draft script written, so I sat down with a Canadian writer in London called Lionel Chetwynd and he and I worked on the first draft which wasn't very good and then we did a second draft. **Duddy Kravitz** is not a difficult book to adapt. Mordecai writes very cinematically in his novels and he doesn't go in for a lot of interior monologues. He works primarily with dramatic action and dialogue.

A lot of things in the picture are edited down versions of scenes in the book, but in effect, what we did in the second draft was to lay out the structure. I wasn't happy with the dialogue and the beginning wasn't very good. Mordecai didn't wish to work in the screenplay; that's why he didn't work on it in the first place because he was very superstitious about going back to work he did in 1959. He felt it would take him back artistically and creatively to a period which might upset the work he was presently concerned with. But he always said to me that when you have taken it to a certain length, to a certain point, I will come in and do a polish job. Well, it amounted to more than a polish job because the whole of the opening was re-done and he did all the dialogue practically throughout. And so the screenplay is really Mordecai's. But it did have a very firm structure which had been laid out beforehand, so it was easy for him to work.

There is a story that David Steinberg at one point was thought about for Duddy Kravitz, when you wanted to use a Canadian actor.

Yes, I thought David would be very right for that part, but I'm afraid he was getting on a bit; he was in his early thirties then. It was not a question of his actual physical age, but you could

see the experience on his face and I thought he would never get down to age 18.

Had you seen Richard Dreyfuss in American Graffiti prior to casting him?

No, I hadn't, actually, but what happened was the casting director of **Billy Two Hats**, a man called Lynn Stalmaster, one of the best casting directors in the world, suggested Richard. I phoned him up after he had read the script and he said, "There is only one man who can play this part, Richard Dreyfuss." I said, "Oh, come on, Lynn, there can't be only one person." He said, "I'm telling you, come on down to Hollywood next week and I'll bring you 25 of the best young actors in Hollywood but you'll end up with Richard Dreyfuss, I promise you." And he said, "I've phoned him already and told him not to take anything else."

So I went down to Hollywood the following week and I interviewed him and sure enough I ended up with Richard Dreyfuss. Then Lynn said to me, (I had cast Dreyfuss by that time, by the way) "He is in a film, would you like to see it? I think there is a screening tonight." So I went along to see **American Graffiti** and far from assisting me in making the casting, it took me the other way. I saw this plump figure playing an introspective observer who doesn't participate in anything, the absolute opposite to everything Duddy Kravitz is—an introvert whereas Duddy Kravitz is an extrovert. And I suddenly had second thoughts, and doubt started to creep in. I called Richard again after I had seen the film to confirm my original feelings that he was right for the part, so that's how that came about.

Duddy Kravitz wasn't chosen as the official Canadian film entry at Cannes, last year. Why was that, do you think?

Well, it's a bit of muddy history actually. I was quite angry about it. There is a Canadian festival committee, a Cannes committee which has constituent members of film critics, some government people and people connected with professional film from the National Film Board. Two years in a row now they have chosen a Canadian entry; they have made a selection for the film that would represent Canada at the Cannes film festival. The year previously they had chosen **Kamouraska** and the head of the Cannes festival came over here and overturned that decision and said he did not wish to have **Kamouraska** and instead he chose a picture by Gilles Carle, **La Mort D'Un Bûcheron**. They had unanimously chosen **Duddy Kravitz** to represent Canada last year and stated that the incident that had occurred the year before was not to be repeated; that the head of the Cannes Festival was going to have to accept it and that if he didn't, they wouldn't participate in the Festival. Well, the outcome was that he came over and said "Let's see what else you have got." And basically, this man and others said they wanted a French Canadian film; they did not think that English Canadian films are really Canadian. The only real Canadian film is a French Canadian film; English films are too much like American films. That was one explanation, and possibly he was worried about protests of anti-semitism.

What are you going to do next?

I have a lot of balls being juggled in the air and I hope that one comes to earth. I've sold a story to United Artists of my own manufacture that I am developing into a script and I hope that will go next. And there is another film; this is for United Artists which is going to be privately financed and which I have been working on for three months. It's American financed but I'm hoping to shoot it up here. Ideally, what I would really like to do is to live in Canada. I am temporarily in California. I would like to make films here with American finance because I don't think films at the present moment can be entirely financed here. □

John Katz is Chairman of the Department of Film, York University

FILM REVIEWS

The Québec Crisis: Once More With Feeling

Whatever else the Front de Libération du Québec understood about their actions in October of 1970, they did at least realize the importance of involving the media as directly as possible in the events as they happened. Pierre Trudeau also understood: "The main thing the FLQ is trying to gain from this is a hell of a lot of publicity for the movement". An oversimplification perhaps, suggesting as it does that the FLQ were working for something more to come, when in fact *this was it*, but Trudeau left no doubt that he did indeed understand. Only a few days later, he responded with the War Measures Act.

No longer could the FLQ speak to the people of Québec: the communication so important to their idea of revolution was silenced. (After their Manifesto had been made public, who knows, perhaps there was little more for them to say.) Nor would the Canadian people have a right to further information about the "parallel power" and its "apprehended insurrection" that inspired the War Measures Act. They would have to be satisfied with speculation, rumour and innuendo. There was no place for explanations. The War Measures Act effectively stilled questions about its author's action and intention, suppressing by law the information that might have supported the country's suspicions.

How much do we really know? Indeed, how much do we *want* to know? Questions are easy enough to ask: the "lid" has been off the Québec Crisis for at least four years. It's now popular history and its historians, people like Robin Spry, Michel Brault, Brian Moore and perhaps even Jean-Claude Lord are, appropriately, the media. In principle, the FLQ would probably be pleased. Others might not. The Québec Crisis is a "hot" property, a fact that might obscure the value of **Action**, **Les Ordres** and, to a lesser extent, **Bingo**. It would be easy to dismiss them. They're just movies: history as Pop Culture politicized (**Action**) personalized (**Les Ordres** and Brian Moore's dramatized novel, **The Revolution Script**) and romanticized (**Bingo**). But together they present a fairly up-to-date, though far from conclusive account of the Québec Crisis. Balanced answers to the ques-



Scene from "Les Ordres"

tions of Knowledge and Responsibility are difficult to find. Most Canadians will see only *what* and *as much* as they wish to see. At the time, they very quickly laid the blame. And they've since forgotten. It's that kind of issue.

The less you know, the better. (Bingo) That's a Rule of the Revolution which has been put another way, "no one knows more than he needs to know" in Gilles Pontecorvo's **The Battle of Algiers**, a film which according to Brian Moore, was an inspiration to the FLQ. (How romantic, it started at the movies!) For Françoise, the young photographer and student turned terrorist, to know more about the "revolution" than he needs to know, is to place its success in doubt. To know the truth is to know too much: that it's a trap. His youthful idealism and romantic notions of the "revolution" are being exploited for the benefit of the recognized "enemy". The terrorist activities are really a high level conspiracy to create a social climate conducive to one political party seeking election. A disturbing thought, one of the few in the film, it's somehow a reminder of the FRAP incident in the Montreal Election of 1970, briefly detailed in **Action**. City officials were allowed their accusations but the FRAP party was denied its response. Not that a defense would have made much difference. At the time, it was very

convenient that the "revolution" should be found everywhere. And the less anyone knew to the contrary, the better. That is as much the essence of something like the War Measures Act as it is of the Revolution.

It's not knowing that gets you. (Les Ordres) Doctor Jean-Marie Beauchemin speaks for his four fellow prisoners in the film and they, in turn, presumably speak for the four hundred and fifty others actually involved in the Québec Crisis. Beauchemin's is the philosophical voice, rather more distanced in tone from the immediacy of the experience than the others'. And yet his words apply to all parties to the Québec Crisis: the Governments, the public, the media, the FLQ and the War Measures Act prisoners, each awaiting the next development. For the next kidnapping. The next communiqué. The next prime-time speech. The next wave of arrests. The next two-in-the-morning interrogation.

You know it's a mistake. (Les Ordres) And in fact, the detention of Marie Boudreau, wife and mother, was an error. The others apparently were not. Doctor Beauchemin, social worker Claudette Dussault, cab driver and union man Clermont Boudreau and unemployed worker Richard Lavoie, all are in jail for a reason. **You don't even know why.** The orders exist only as pap-

ers in the hands of investigating officials. Whatever the reasons, the treatment of the prisoners isn't exactly hospitable. That the guards and officials take advantage of the orders for their own amusement, even to the limited extent that they do in *Les Ordres* is a warning: something about man's inhumanity which has little to do with the Québec Crisis directly. They are no more personally involved in the events of the Crisis than most of the prisoners. They happen to be on the safe side of the War Measures Act. And they alone are not to be held responsible, **their orders come from higher up**. Michel Brault implicates everyone in general and no one in particular for a situation which appears to be beyond *anyone's* control. Of course, it is not.

An accident is an accident. (Bingo) If someone is killed by a bomb meant *only* to "terrorize", the "revolution" calls it an accident. It's just the price that must be paid. The same thinking, success at all costs, supported the War Measures Act. Let someone else pay the price. No doubt the intentions of those behind the War Measures Act were good, if that's any consolation. Indeed, everyone's intentions in the Québec Crisis were probably good. Or so they thought.

There's still more to learn. When and if more is revealed, and surely *Les Ordres* would be a revelation to many of those Canadians who will decline to see it, then a reasoned interpretation of the subject might be possible. To some extent and perhaps prematurely, *Action* attempts just such an interpretation, imposing a very logical, though uncommitted view on what, to this point, cannot yet be understood in logical or uncommitted terms. Robin Spry's calm and even narration, like Michel Brault's controlled and understated direction of *Les Ordres*, belies the high emotion of the Québec Crisis. *Action* generally confirms everything we want to believe; it's not a film to disturb accepted views, whatever and however many they may be. To do that, it will take something more. It might be the CBC's planned fifth anniversary documentary. It might be another film like *Les Ordres*. It might more likely be the accumulation of information in all forms and over many years which will shape the eventual reading of the Québec Crisis.

Certainly no one won by the events of 1970. Some lost much more than others. The media has done as well as any.

— Mark Miller

Il Était Une Fois Dans L'Est:

Dreams and Despair on the Main

Nice Neighbourhood, Montreal East. Some call it home, among them the sad and defeated people of André Brassard's film, *Il Était Une Fois Dans L'Est*: the old women in the back alley tenements and the transvestites and lesbians who frequent Sandra's on the Main.

Of course, *Il Était Une Fois Dans L'Est* is no more a study of the Montreal East than it is of gays and old women. The subject is Québec, Michel Tremblay's Québec, taken from his many plays *en pieces détachées* (as one of his titles describes it) and recreated on film by Brassard. Tremblay's Québec is very much like the world at Sandra's. It's easy to watch from a distance: there's a floorshow, a parade of dreams and illusions, much to our amusement although not always to our understanding.

The owner of Sandra's hates the gays but admits that they're good for business. So they stay. In effect, he exploits them without sympathy. They serve his purpose, just as they serve Michel Tremblay's dramatic needs. Tremblay too, exploits them as metaphors of Québec and he can't be pleased with the story that they must tell. Indeed when Carmen, the cowgirl singer who is opening a week at Sandra's, obscurely remarks to the owner, "love stories never were your thing", she could be speaking to Tremblay himself. Certainly, *Il Était Une Fois Dans L'Est* is not a love story.

Once upon a time in the East, there were two generations of Québécois, the "past" and the "present". The older of the two, the woman of Tremblay's play *Les Belles Soeurs*, gathers in the modest apartment of Madame Lauzon to help her paste the one million Gold Star trading stamps that she has just won. They begin by stealing the stamps one book at a time and end up ransacking the apartment. What else are friends for?

That same eventful day, the apparent, if not always actual children of *Les*

Belles Soeurs ready themselves for an equally climactic evening at Sandra's. Carmen is making her debut at the club. Hélène, once Queen of the Main, is making her comeback. And Hosanna is at last realizing his dream. There is to be a drag ball with the theme, Famous Women. Hosanna will be Elizabeth Taylor as Cleopatra. Unknown to him, so will everyone else, just for spite.

Other characters cross paths between Madame Lauzon's and Sandra's including, in the film's most compelling vignette, a young waitress who dies on an abortionist's table murmuring, "I came into the world by the back door, but I leave by the front". Indeed. Life was never sweeter. *La Dolce Vita*.

Tremblay's is a world without love. It's also a world without men. There's only Sandra's owner and significantly, he lives off the avails of people acting out illusions. This night, their dreams have been replaced by despair. Only Carmen survives the evening at Sandra's. She's apparently Tremblay's hope for the future (and the subject of his next play, *Saint Carmen of the Main*; she may get hers yet).

It's difficult to consider the Brassard film as distinct from the Tremblay plays, and yet to think of them together is not always to the good of either. Without some background from the plays, the film must seem rather obscure. Who are all of these people? On film, they live in a void and are developed as characters with a few throwaway details and references to their respective plays which demand further substantiation. In the theatre, the same characters are drawn in some sort of context, usually domestic, and are defined as much by their *reactions* as their actions. In his collaboration with Brassard on the screenplay, Tremblay has contrived to allow his "gang", as he has called it, to leave the dramatic shelter of their plays and ride headstrong together down the Main on a wave of despair.

Between them, they have done the plays a disservice. It's distressing to find, for example, that Hélène of *En Pieces Détachées* is daughter of one of *Les Belles Soeurs*, niece of *La Duchesse De Langeais* and hangs out at the same club with Hosanna listening to Carmen from *À Toi, Pour Toujours, Ta Marie*

Lou. It's a small world, in fact perhaps smaller than Tremblay would wish known. And the considerable impact that the plays have individually is lessened by the knowledge that Tremblay would use them again, if only in part, as a matter of convenience.

Tremblay's strength as a writer is his use of language. Of course, here it loses the proverbial something in translation and certainly in subtitling. More than that though, the film denies his plays' narrative power. He has permitted the climactic scene at Sandra's, which is so important to *Hosanna*, to be recreated as if Hosanna's description in his long second-act monologue is somehow inadequate. Quite to the contrary, after *Il Était Une Fois Dans L'Est*, it will never be as powerful again.

This is Tremblay's Québec at its most desperate and Brassard's Tremblay at his least sympathetic. Perhaps with this film, they have parenthesized their seven or eight years of theatre together, Tremblay as a playwright and Brassard as his director. In a commercial sense, this is the Best of Michel Tremblay: all the old favourites are here. If this is a teaser though, it's a teaser for something which, at times, has the appearance of an East Montreal soap opera. On stage, Tremblay's work is much more than that.

— Mark Miller

Three Mexican Movies

Film makers George Payastre and Claudine Viallon premiered three documentary films made over a two year period in Mexico and Guatemala. The films are on the religious ceremonies of the Mayan and Mazatec In-



Mazatec woman in "Brujo"

dians. *Viadolosa* (The Painful Way) is a ceremony of the road to the crucifixion. *Quintajimultic* (Five Days Without Name) is a film on the carnival, which takes place yearly in the five day period of the Mayan calendar that do not fit in the calendar year. Christians turned the period into their religious week, and so

the festival is a Christian one. The third film *Brujo* (Shaman or Sorcerer) is about the sacred mushrooms used by the Mazatec Indians. George and Claudine spent considerable time living with the Mayan and Mazatec Indians in order to gain their trust and permission to film the ceremonies.

Together the three films run sixty minutes, and the two film makers are planning a lecture film tour. Although they are not anthropologists, they researched the subject matter intensively before filming, and spent a great deal of time in Mexico living with the Indians, over a 3 year period. George is French, and he is planning to make a French language version of the film, which is simply a matter of a narration track, since the sound in the film is Spanish and Mayan, and Mazatec dialects. The two of them made the three films alone, with a little help from Fred Easton for location sound recording. The films are of particular interest to those who are curious about Indians and the Spanish and white influence. George is planning on showing the films to Anthropology departments and students in their film tour. The two film makers have a preference for documentary films, but not necessarily ethnographic ones. The films cost around \$15,000.00 for all of them, and post-production assistance was given by the Canada Council.

— Peter Bryant

George Payastre on location



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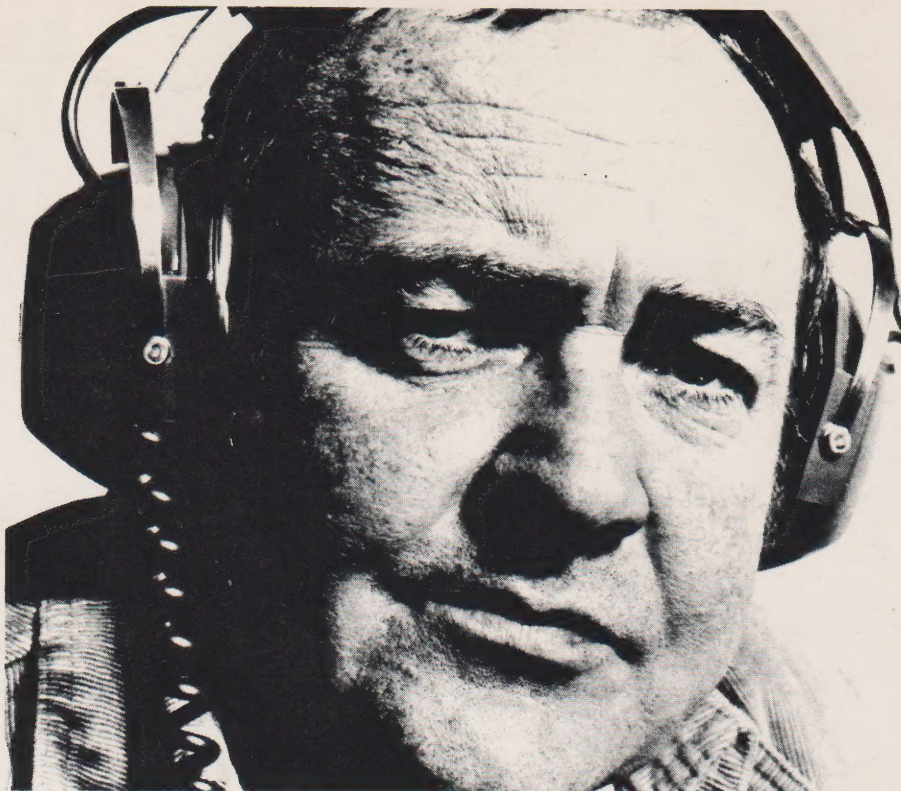
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Good sound doesn't come by the yard or the quart. It comes by the smile.

You know when it's right, and we think we do, too. It's easy to tell. All we have to do is glance over from the console and catch that expression on your face that says all's right with the world.

A million dollars doesn't make it right. Nor will all the expertise and gadgets in the electronic world. And we think we have them. They won't guarantee your efforts to capture the dying gasp of a wounded Bambi filtered through the last moments of the Hindenburg while the voice-over extolls the virtues of Mother Murphy's Chicken

Soup with Matzos.

But an attitude will. An attitude that says, "Why quit now? We're almost there." Perhaps the attitude is harder to come by than all of the other high-priced ingredients. This is what we've been trying to put together for the past many months and we think we're getting closer all the time.

Perhaps it's time for you to let us know what you think.

(Oh, about those three ways to fight ugly sound . . . First you come South on University. Second, you turn right on King Street. You can probably guess the rest.)

Fight ugly sound three ways!

MIRROPHONIC SOUND

Sounds too good to be true

409 King Street West/Toronto M5V 1K1/869-1781